

PREMIER: GERMANS MUST PAY SAILORS FIRST

The Daily Mirror

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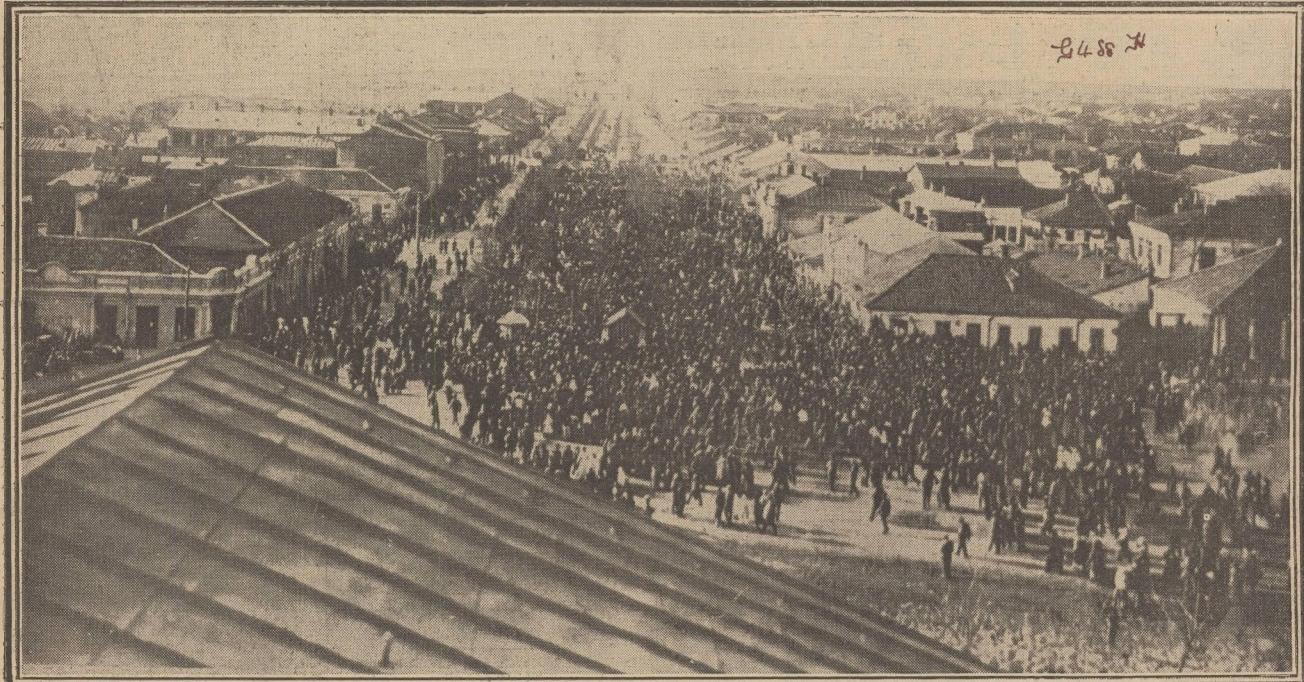
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THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

WHAT BOLSHEVISM MEANS: TOWN FIRED FOR REVENGE



The Bolsheviks enter the town, where they held a meeting in the hope of converting the inhabitants to their pernicious creed.

TWO PLUCKY GIRLS.



Miss Clissie Rogers, injured skull



Miss Dorothy Hodgeson, her co-worker.

These two girls closed with a man who is charged with stealing Treasury notes at the point of a revolver from the till at their place of business at Southampton Row, London.



Angered at the small support they received, they set fire to the town.

An example of what Bolshevism really means is provided by the above photographs, which show how, in revenge for the population refusing to support their policy of murder and plunder, they razed the town to the ground. For pure savagery they are worse than the Germans in war. — (Exclusive)

MEN IN THE NEWS.



Bob Payne, a signalman on the Somerset and Dorset Railway, whose presence of mind averted a collision between a passenger and a goods train.



Senator Lodge, the U.S. Senator, who is opposed to the idea of a League of Nations, and who has proposed a resolution against its adoption.

400,000 WOMEN'S CHANCE TO VOTE

Duchess of Marlborough in L.C.C. Election Fight.

"USE YOUR VOTE" CALL.

"In view of the great work of reconstruction and the urgent need for better houses, health and education, I ask the women of London to use their votes to-day."

This is the message which Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough, who has the interests of the working-classes at heart, sends to-day, through *The Daily Mirror*, to the women electors of London.

For the first time for six years Londoners will to-day have the opportunity of voting for a new County Council.

The triennial election, which should have taken place in March, 1916, was postponed, it will be remembered, on account of the war.

Three parties are appealing to the 800,000 electors—Progressives, Municipal Reformers and Labour Party—and in many cases there are likely to be exciting contests.

DEMOCRATIC DUCHESSES.

A feature of to-day's election is the number of women candidates, total being fourteen, of whom two—Lady Tristram Eve (Municipal Reformer) and Miss Adler (Progressive) have been returned unopposed.

At the 1913 election only two of twelve women candidates were successful, the total votes cast for women being 23,773.

One of the most interesting contests will be in Southwark (North), where the Duchess of Marlborough is standing as a Progressive.

The Duchess' democratic sympathies are well known, and she has given many practical proofs of her interest in the poor.

In their joint election address the Duchess and Mr. Wightman, a local ex-pupil teacher, promise to push on housing schemes to the utmost possible extent in order to take advantage of the Government's offer to help in the cost of such schemes completed within the next three years and to limit the Council's risk of loss to a 1d. rate.

The Duchess' pronouncement on the question, apart from her election address, is:

WOMEN CANDIDATES.

"The fact that I have a nice home surely puts me in a position to help secure better homes for other people."

Mrs. Lloyd George has sent to the Duchess of Marlborough a letter wishing her success.

The full list of women candidates is appended:

Camberwell (North-West).—Mrs. Dunn-Gardner (M.R.).
Fulham (East).—Mrs. Hudson-Lyall (M.R.).
Lambeth (North).—Mrs. Lamarrine Yate (I.).
St. Pancras (South-East).—Mrs. Hopkins (M.R.).
Shoreditch.—Miss Rosamund Smith (M.R.).
Southwark (North).—Duchess of Marlborough (P.).
Stepney (Limehouse).—Miss Ida Samuel (P.).

There are five women Labour candidates—Mrs. C. S. Ganley in Battersea (South), Mrs. Ada Salter, Bermondsey (Rotherhithe), Mrs. D. B. Montefiore, Hammersmith (South), Miss McMillan, Deptford, and Miss A. S. Lawrence, Poplar (South).

As some of the poll the votes will be counted, but in some constituencies the results will not be known until to-morrow.

This time nearly 400,000 women can vote. The new Council will consist of 124 members.

ALIEN CAPTAINS.

Sir W. W. Rutherford's Statement at Presentation to V.C.

Sir William Watson Rutherford made a remarkable statement at the presentation of a sword of honour to Lieutenant-Commander Austin, the Royal V.C., in Liverpool on Tuesday. He recently disclosed the fact that since the armistice no fewer than eight alien shipmasters had been given command of British ships. Some were receiving confidential instruction from the Admiralty.

He communicated with the Admiralty, and was informed that only six were alien enemies.

He had received from the Board of Trade the assurance that the rules prohibiting the admission of aliens to examinations for shipmasters were being strictly enforced.

'FLU CAUSES TRAGEDY.'

Man Found Hanging After Death of Mother and Sister-in-Law.

There were forty-six members of the London Fire Brigade and 1,048 members of the Metropolitan Police Force on the sick list with influenza yesterday.

The Dean of Llandaff is suffering from influenza.

Ernest Cooper was found hanging at Ramsgate yesterday, the suicide following the death from influenza of his mother and sister-in-law.

Mr. Ernest Hayes, the well-known Northern Union referee, died yesterday from influenza.



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Col. E. P. England, who as a private won the Victoria Cross, having completed service is placed on half-pay list.

NATION MUST PLAY.

Sport to Promote Prosperity and Reduce Labour Unrest.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH STATE.

Sport will promote national prosperity and reduce strike and labour unrest.

This is the conclusion come to by a conference of associations governing sports in the United Kingdom, which met last night and decided on matters upon which negotiations have been opened with the Government.

National sports come from industrial production; industrial production depends upon health; health will be improved by sport, which is an ingrained instinct in the British people, and lack of opportunities for sport and recreation will encourage industrial unrest.

That, in brief, is the argument which is re-inforced, says the conference, by the grave situation disclosed by the very low percentage of fit men revealed by the census and the following demands for formulation:

More outdoor spaces, especially in view of the demands of thousands of new players who took up sport for the first time while in the forces.

Restoration of pre-war cheap railway facilities for those travelling to take part in sporting events.

All sports grounds not run for profit to be exempt from rates and taxes.

Amendment of the incidence of the entertainment tax.

Baths taken for war purposes to be restored without delay in the interests of swimming.

Sir Home Gordon presided at the conference.

ANTI-ZEPP MAN.

Motor-Car Charge Against Mr. Pomeroy, Bullet Inventor.

On a charge of stealing and receiving a Ford motor-car belonging to the United States Government, John Pomeroy, aged forty-six, inventor of an anti-Zeppelin bullet, appeared at the London Sessions yesterday.

A private in the United States Army named Simpson said that by arrangement with other men he left the car which he was driving so that it might be taken by men named Harris, Anderson, and Williams, and they took it to Pomeroy's garage at Stamford Brook.

In cross-examination Simpson admitted that he had stolen one car before this and another one since.

Prosecutor stated that he saw an American soldier working on the car. The soldier said something had gone wrong with the engine, and he gave permission for it to be placed in the garage he did not use.

The following morning the soldier went away, leaving it in the garage. He did not see the car until the day of his arrest.

The case was adjourned.

A BABY OF THE GUARDS.

Wives and Soldier-Husbands March Through London.

Despite the murky weather and drizzling rain, Londoners gave a warm-hearted welcome to four more battalions of the Guards who arrived at St. Pancras yesterday.

As hard as nails and smiling with happiness, the marching columns of men seemed to put sunlight on the gloomy London streets.

The home-coming troops were the Royal Horse Guards, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the 3rd Grenadier Guards.

All the approaches to the station were packed with the wives, mothers, sweethearts and friends of the returning soldiers.

The Guards marched through the City with fixed bayonets—an ancient privilege.

Beside many of the men walked their wives, and at the Mansion House was reached, held his baby up to the Lady Mayoress as she passed the Mansion House.

AMBUSHED THE FOXHOUNDS.

The Muskerry foxhounds were stopped yesterday by an ambushed crowd of Sinn Feiners. Horses, men and hounds were beaten with noise injured. A revolver-shot was fired, but nobody was injured.

Stock Exchange, page 13.
Sinn Fein Tragedy, page 14.

Strange Nursing Home Story, page 15.

Sporting News, page 15.

Hobson's Insult to Women, page 15.

GRIM WOOD DRAMA.

Inquest Story of "Confession" by Ex-Soldier Husband.

"NOT A HUMAN DOCUMENT."

A verdict of wilful murder was returned at an inquest at Cannock last evening on Elizabeth Gaskin, twenty-three, the victim of the Hednesford tragedy, whose husband, Henry Thomas Gaskin, twenty-seven, miner and ex-soldier, is in custody.

On the afternoon of February 19 deceased received a note from her husband, from whom she was living apart, containing the message, "Meet me by the pool at once. Important."

Superintendent Morrey, handed in a statement written and signed by the accused, which began: "I, Henry Gaskin, being of sober and upright mind, do make this statement of my own free will, without fear or favour."

The coroner said it was not a human document, but that of a friend.

Reference was made in the statement to children, and then it went on to give a grim description of a struggle in the wood.

When his wife attempted to scream, the prisoner said he broke off a twig and pushed it down her throat.

Prisoner then related how he left the body in the wood, and after attending a picture-house at Cannock in the evening, returned to the wood at Hednesford, and deposited the mutilated remains in the tank of the gasholder, where they were found.

5 SECONDS COURT DRAMA.

Colonel Rutherford for Trial—Judge and the Law's Delays.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford, D.S.O., of Carlton Place, Chelsea, was yesterday committed for trial by the Old Bailey charged with the murder of Major Miles Seaton.

It was Colonel Rutherford's eighth appearance at West London Police Court, and the proceedings lasted exactly five seconds.

Colonel Rutherford stood up while the magistrate, addressing him, said: "I now formally commit you for trial."

Dealing with applications made to him yesterday by Sir W. W. Rutherford and De Veulle.

Mr. Justice Darling protested—in the case of the first against the delay taken in committing for trial, and in the second against the length of time accused people are kept in gaol."

"If these actions are very prolonged," said the Judge, "a man may serve the whole of his sentence before he is committed for trial."

The De Veulle trial was postponed to next sessions.

FROM WATER TO FIRE.

Diplomat's Furniture Saved from Sea Lost in Pimlico Blaze.

In Messrs. Hudson's furniture depository in Pimlico, which was on fire on Tuesday and is now a heap of smouldering ruins, was a consignment of furniture belonging to Sir Henry Howard, British ex-Minister at The Hague.

When he left Holland the goods were transferred to the steamer Yarrowton, which was sunk, and the cargo was salvaged by a wharf, and Sir Henry's furniture was stored at Hudson's.

There were hundreds of inquirers yesterday at Messrs. Hudson's offices, eager to ascertain the fate of their possessions, and many were reassured by the announcement that only a small proportion of the deposits were in the destroyed warehouse, the firm having fifteen repositories in various districts.

The following morning the soldier went away, leaving it in the garage. He did not see the car until the day of his arrest.

The case was adjourned.

1,516,000 IN MEN'S PLACES.

Number of Women Workers Increased by 1,200,000 Since 1914.

Thanks to the war there are 1,200,000 more women workers in the country than there were in 1914. This fact is contained in a White Paper issued yesterday.

In all industries and public services 1,516,000 positions held in 1914 by men, had been filled by women in April, 1918.

In agriculture, which in 1914 only gave employment to 30,000 women, the total has risen to 113,100, in banks the figure has increased from 1,500 to 37,600, and in hospitals from 6,000 the numbers have jumped to 42,200.

For railways the aggregate is now 65,000 against 12,000 in 1914, and the number of women employed by tram and bus companies has risen from 1,700 to 28,300.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Lord Knutsford, at a meeting of the governors of the London Hospital yesterday, told of an interesting demonstration.

One woman aged 40, a woman who had contracted a certain complaint, during a particular time had been cured by a new treatment, and had given birth to 150 perfectly healthy and normal babies.

Lord Knutsford announced that £3,000 had been given to the hospital by Mr. Douglas Crossman in memory of his son killed at Cambrai; the Queen of Norway had given £1,000, and Lady Northcliffe had sent the whole of the medical equipment at her hospital for officers.

EAST END LEADS IN CHEAPER FOOD.

Barrowmen Back at Their Pre-War Trade.

CONTRAST IN PRICES.

Fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap in the East End.

Costermongers' barrows are laden with a surprising variety of wholesome food.

No time has been lost by London's itinerant salesmen. Out of khaki, they are again selling apples and potatoes.

Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* noticed the following striking contrasts in prices:

| West End | East End. |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| Denia oranges, lb. | 5d.—6d. |
| Golden russets, lb. | 9d.—1d. |
| Lemons, lb. | 7d.—8d. |
| Oranges, lb. | 1d.—1d. |
| Carrots, lb. | 1d.—1d. |
| Parsnips, lb. | 1d.—1d. |
| Greens, lb. | 2d.—2d. |
| Cauliflowers, each | 6d.—8d. |
| String beans, each | 6d.—8d. |
| Celeriac, stick | 4d.—4d. |

Dessert fruit was more plentiful in the East End than in the West End:

| West End | East End. |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| Pears, each 1s. 6d. to 2s. 0d. | 4d.—1d. |
| Grapes, lb. 2s. 0d. to 2s. 6d. | 8d. to 1s. 6d. |
| Almonds, pinc. | 8d.—1d. |
| Bananas, each | 2d.—1d. |

Government dates at 8d. per lb. were plentiful everywhere. The only rhubarb was seen on a coster's stall in the East End at 3d. a stick.

MEAT CHEAPER FOR A TIME.

"World Shortage and New Consumers Will Keep Up Prices."

"Is meat to be cheaper?" asked *The Daily Mirror*.

"For a time," said a meat salesman. "But after the temporary fall prices will tend to rise."

"Italians, Russians and many other peoples have grown accustomed to a meat ration during the war."

Increase of supplies from South America, where Uruguay and Brazil are developing their meat trade will be more than counterbalanced by the livestock famine in Europe.

"There is a world-shortage that will not be made good for ten years. Mutton at 5d. and 6d. a pound will never be seen again."

Eggs at 2s. 6d. each. At Aberdeen yesterday eggs sold at 2s. 6d. per dozen, while in rural districts they were bought at 2s. 0d., and it was predicted they would rise to 1s. 6d.

Fish—Hill trawler owners at a meeting yesterday unanimously decided not to sell any kind of fish above recent control prices.

NATIONAL FACTORY SOLD.

First One Brings Profit of £7,000—Tanks and Tin Tacks Going.

"The first national factory to be sold is disposed of to-day for £140,000. It cost £133,000, but I cannot guarantee a profit every time," said Mr. Kellaway in the Commons yesterday.

The war property which the Government had to sell was in all parts of the world, and ranged from tanks to tin tacks and guns to glue. Estimator had valued it at £200,000,000 and £1,000,000,000.

The Government would safeguard the taxpayers' interest as much as possible and would reserve the right to sell by auction or private treaty. If all sales were by auction that would provoke the creation of rings.

Mr. Barnes asked that factories should be used for the equipment, in the interval before peace, of the 700,000 persons who were receiving unemployment pay. They were costing the weekly sum of nearly a million.

UNCLE IN THE CASE.

Decree for Nephew Because of Wife's Unfaithfulness.

A wife's unfaithfulness, attempted murder by petitioner, five years' penal servitude and a decree nisi—thus is summed up the story of Albert William Hartley, now in the Army, who yesterday petitioned for divorce from his wife because of her conduct with his (petitioner's) uncle. The suit was undefended.

The parties were married in 1912, and early in 1914 the uncle came home from Canada. As respondent and he associated a good deal, petitioner went to see him and was seriously assaulted.

Respondent subsequently admitted relations with the uncle, and petitioner, when shaving one morning, attempted to cut his wife's throat, for which he was sentenced to five years.

Decree was granted.

NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

Stock Exchange, page 13.

Sinn Fein Tragedy, page 14.

Strange Nursing Home Story, page 15.

Sporting News, page 15.

Hobson's Insult to Women, page 15.

"GERMANS' FIRST PAYMENT MUST BE TO SAILORS"

FIRST RECOMPENSE HUNS WILL PAY.

Premier's Promise to Seamen of Compensation.

"SEND IN YOUR CLAIMS."

"The Germans must pay for the losses of the lives of our seamen as our first claim. This will come before mere indemnity for war expenses."

Thus said Mr. Lloyd George in receiving a deputation from the British Mercantile Marine on the question of granting indemnities to families of men who had lost their lives at sea during the war.

Twenty thousand seamen of the Mercantile Marine had been killed during the war, said Mr. Cather, of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

"It is part of the instructions to our delegates in Paris," said Mr. Lloyd George, "that the first demand put forward must be full compensation for losses at sea, including compensation to the poor people who have suffered through their relatives having lost their lives."

"As soon as I became Prime Minister I declared that there should be full compensation for the British sailors, and we have never wavered from that as a Government."

"HE CAN PAY."

"There are a good many questions as to what the enemy's capacity is for paying huge war indemnities, but there is no doubt that he can pay, and that he will pay compensation for the loss of this kind which he has brought about."

"So I am entirely with you. I want you now to hurry up with all your claims—as many as you have got, send them in to the Foreign Office, so that they may be communicated to me and my colleagues in Paris."

"Then, in a few weeks' time, the claim of the British sailors will be presented to the people who have agreed it."

Britain and Indemnity.—In the House of Commons yesterday Colonel Guinness asked Mr. Bonar Law whether his attention had been called to the statement in the Press that the British Government had decided to make no money claim against Germany.

Mr. Bonar Law: My attention has been called to it; it does not in the least represent the intention of the Government.

"WHITTLING DOWN."

In the Commons last night Major W. Guinness raised the question of the German indemnity and suggested that the Westphalian coalfields and potash works should be run internationally.

General Page Croft feared that between Lord Milner and the pressure of the United States there would be war with Germany.

Mr. J. H. Thomas warned members against supposing Germany could be called into the Peace Conference merely to ratify what others had arranged.

If the German Bolsheviks deposed Scheidemann, there would be no one to sign.

M.P.S SALARIES NOT TO BE INCREASED.

"Pay Was Something to Help Them Along," Says Mr. Law.

Mr. Adamson, in the Commons yesterday, said that the salaries of M.P.s should be increased. (Laughter.) The cost of living had gone up 120 per cent., which made a very serious inroad into a Labour member's salary.

He thought the fact that the increase of Ministers' salaries was under consideration entitled his proposals to sympathetic consideration.

Mr. Bonar Law said it was not possible for the Government to agree with the Labour proposals, but there did not seem to be strong reason why the salary should not begin with election.

The difference between Ministers and members was that Ministers were whole-time men, but members with their salaries were only given something to help them along.

POLES READY TO ATTACK.

STOCKHOLM, Wednesday. According to reports from Kovno Polish troops have recently begun to concentrate on the Southern Lithuanian frontier in the Government of Grodno and in that of Lomza, and do not disguise their intention of attacking Lithuania.

The Polish general staff is said to have requested the German Soldiers' Council at Kovno to maintain an attitude of neutrality, and has called on it to surrender the arms and ammunition in its possession to the Poles.—Reuter.

BEATTY AT THE PALACE.

Admiral Sir David Beatty had the honour of being received by the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday.

Premier on Compensation to Sufferers from U-Boat Warfare—Before the Indemnity.

BERLIN CABINET'S CONCESSION TO SOVIETS.

The first indemnity that the enemy must pay is for the lost lives of our seamen. This promise was given yesterday by the Premier to a deputation of the Mercantile Marine. He added that our delegates in Paris had been instructed to this end.

Other News.—Mr. Lloyd George is in Paris; Mr. Wilson is on the high seas; armistice discussions begin to-day; Berlin Government is said to have made a concession to the Soviets; and a Russian yesterday fired shots outside the French President's residence.

FOCH REPORTS TO WAR COUNCIL TO-DAY.

Most Vital Part of Armistice Discussion Begins.

PARIS, Wednesday. Mr. Lloyd George arrived here at 6.40 p.m., and the Duke of Connaught arrived by the same train.

To-morrow will see the beginning of an important part of the armistice discussions.

The Supreme War Council will now settle down to an immediate solution of the armistice difficulties.

The unavoidable absence of Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Orlando has somewhat retarded the work, but the chief reason for the delay appears to be that the men who have been entrusted with the work of drafting the armistice—naval and air conditions have, in some cases, been working with different ends in view. It was therefore considered necessary yesterday to refer the conditions back to Marshal Foch and his advisers, who are working on them to-day.—Reuter.

Preparations, says the Exchange, are being made in Paris for the reception of the German plenipotentiary delegation.

A committee of three, most probably M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, will be named to read the conditions of peace to the Germans, who will return to Weimar to report to Parliament, and will then return to Paris to sign the peace.

This will take place in the Salle des Glaces, in the Palace of Versailles, where the proclamation of the foundation of the German Empire was made in 1871.

"WOULD YOU BE A MINER OR ACCOUNTANT?"

Mr. Smillie Asks Expert a Question "as a Man."

Dr. Stamp, the statistician, at the Coal Commission yesterday, in reply to Mr. Smillie, who asked how much the Government had received out of the mines by way of excess profit, said it was in 1916 £10,000,000.

Mr. A. L. Dickinson, Financial Adviser to the Coal Controller, was asked about his estimate of the effect of the present miners' demands. "I said," replied Mr. Dickinson, "that if you put up the cost above its present value that is the cost price of coal. If you compare that with the selling price—it would put up the selling price rather more."

Mr. Hodges: How did you arrive at that 4s?

Witness: I started by assuming that, with the men returning from the Army, the output this year would be 250,000,000 tons, as compared with 228,000,000 for 1915.

I estimated that the reduction owing to shorter hours would bring the output down to 230,000,000 tons.

Mr. Smillie: The miners are asking for a higher standard of life. If you had to begin your life once again, would you prefer to be a miner to a chartered accountant?

Mr. Dickinson: No, certainly not. (Laughter.) Would £200 a year be a decent wage for a chartered accountant? I think you would get many at that figure now, but there were not many before the war, at any rate, who did not get much more than that.

Mr. Smillie pointed out that the average earnings of the skilled miners for a period of forty years was £75 a year, and said that witness might take it that the miners would not desire that the witness' profession should be swatted, but that every man should receive a salary "I dare not say £200," Mr. Smillie added) which was reasonably high to enable men to live in comfort. The Witness: Certainly.

Mr. Smillie: Do you think that any man giving a useful life to the State in the production of coal ought to be housed in the conditions we saw?

Witness: I have seen some almost too bad to describe, and some almost model, up-to-date houses which would hardly be improved upon.

(Continued on page 13.)

MR. WILSON ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Fighting Speech—Says U.S. Is Behind Him.

"EUROPE SICK AT HEART."

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

The liner George Washington, with the Wilson party on board, sailed from Hoboken at 8.20 this morning for France.

She passed Sandy Hook at 9.55 and headed for the open sea with an escort of one cruiser and five destroyers. The party stood on the bridge, waving to the small crowds on shore from Hoboken to the Narrows. There was no demonstration.—Exodus.

The President has cabled to Paris that he is satisfied that America is overwhelmingly behind him in supporting the League of Nations.—Reuter.

"OVER THERE."

I will not come back, said Mr. Wilson in his speech at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, till it's over—"over there," and it must not be over until the nations of the world are assured of the permanency of peace.

The party in the long run will dare to oppose the League of Nations.

Europe is sick at heart because its statesmen have had no vision and have never been able to defend the peoples against intrigue or aggression.

The Treaty of Peace will be ineoperative without the constant support and energy of a great organism, such as the League of Nations.

AMERICA'S VOICE.

The first thing that I am going to tell the people on the other side of the water is that an overwhelming majority of the American people is in favour of the League of Nations. I know that is true.

One of the things that the League of Nations is intended to watch is the course of intrigue. Intrigue cannot stand publicity, and if the League were nothing other than a great debating society it would kill intrigue.

The League of Nations is meant as a notice to all outlaw nations that not only Great Britain, but the United States and the rest of the world, will go in to check enterprises of that sort.

The men who criticised the League of Nations had never felt the pulse of the heart of the world. He was amazed that there should be such ignorance of the state of the world.

A WARNING.

"I want," declared the President, "to utter the solemn warning that the forces of the world do not threat; they operate.

The greatest tides of the world do not give notice that they are going to rise.

They rise in their majesty and overwhelming might, and those who stand in the way are overwhelmed.

Ex-President Taft, who preceded the President, said the League would not endanger American rights or interfere with the Monroe Doctrine, but he admitted that alterations might be made in the draft.

IRELAND'S DEMANDS.

The President received an Irish Home Rule delegation, to which he replied, when asked to advocate "Ireland's rights," at the Peace Conference, that while he personally sympathised with Irish aspirations, he could not as head of the nation give the answer asked for; he must be allowed to meet

PASSCHENDAEL.

The British losses in the battle for Passchendaele Ridge, which began on July 31, 1917, and rage to this day, were 228,000,000 made up as follows:

Regulars, and Territorial Forces.—Officers, 10,793; other ranks, 207,832.

Cadets.—Officers, 496; other ranks, 11,917.

Australians.—Officers, 1,289; other ranks, 26,502.

These figures were given by Mr. Churchill in the Commons yesterday.

the situation by methods which seemed best to him.

After the Opera House meeting, a body of suffragettes tried to burn the text of his speech, and they were attacked by police, soldiers and civilians, their banners torn to shreds, and six of the women arrested.

AIR SERVICE POSTPONED.

Owing to the disturbed conditions in Spain, the official flight from London to Madrid, so the Air Ministry announces, has been postponed.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1919.

IF WOMEN RULED LONDON

THE male London ratepayer is an odd disappearing and reappearing sort of person.

Most of the year he spends time and typewriters in addressing the newspapers on the subject of rates.

He vociferously complains of them.

He is horribly haunted by that bi-annual General Ratepaper, demanding preposterous sums—"for nothing," as he puts it; but partly, as the middle-class man *might* put it, for the education and nurture of the children of another more prolific and less-rate-paying class; which class, when told the figure of rates in middle-class districts, is surprised and has never heard of them.

An attitude of non-recognition that still more exasperates the ratepayer!

So he goes on, all the year, denouncing "municipal extravagance, metropolitan socialism."

He goes on for three years.

Then, another municipal election takes place.

Utter disappearance of the London ratepayer!

Not to be found. Nowhere to be seen. Doesn't vote.

Why is it? Must this civic apathy continue? We put these questions to women.

We hope that, to-day, all women municipal voters will punctually use their votes; and so shame the male voters who, at past contests, have failed to use theirs.

Further, we hope that *all* of the remaining dozen women candidates will be elected.

Yes—all. Because this matter of the governance of London is one that especially concerns women: because women have to work and manage and make habitable the houses and streets and all the domestic "properties" that come under the control of the London County Council. Women know. Women mainly suffer from inadequate housing, insanitary streets, bad supplies, bad civic surveillance. Women, then, ought to vote. And women ought also to be elected.

We hope that the disappointment of the General Election will not be repeated as far as the introduction into municipal politics of special feminine experience is concerned.

For this is, after all, not so much a business for acrimonious political controversy and hard-and-fast divisions. All parties—"progressive" or "reform" or "Labour" or "Socialist"—promise the same programme: a better London with nobody any worse off in pocket.

The point is, how the improvement is to be effected. And the answer: "Only by the full collaboration of practical people on the Council." And women, as you know, are practical: whether duchesses or "working" wives.

What will be the result of a representation and an influence of practical women on the comfort and control of our big cities?

We are certain that the housing business would be shelved no longer. We are sure that the houses built and rebuilt would no longer be of the hopelessly inconvenient and extravagant type, obsolete even in the days when the Romans came to Britain and taught us how to build—for the Roman had hot-water pipes for heating.

We are convinced that the milk scandal, the influenza plague scandal, the public vehicle overcrowding scandal, and other scandals—all scandals except talking scandal—would be approached with hostility, if not killed outright. We seem to-day already in hope to see an army with banners advancing.

The London-rescue-army of women!

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Natural laws we shall never modify, embarrass us as they may; but there is still something in the nobler or less noble attitude with which we watch their fatal combination.—*Walter Pater.*

THE ATTRACTION OF THE GUARDED GIRL

WHY HER ELDERLY FEMININE PROTECTORS MAY RETURN.

By VIOLET HUNT
(The well-known novelist.)

LATELY The Daily Mirror has published something—and I have been reading a good deal—about the disappearance of the chaperon: that elderly guard who used to be set over the "young lady" at dances and parties.

I ask myself: "Does the young lady realise quite all that this protective shield or guard meant to her in old days? Isn't she very ungrateful in shelving her? Wasn't the old dear very useful?"

I don't mean in the way of keeping the young person from danger.

I mean in the way of heightening the young person's attractions.

The chaperon (I reflect) is a French word, meaning a hood.

It is good for hawks, but it was no use to

But if the chaperon is left at home she has no means of gaining that knowledge.

You cannot lead if you have no light. If mother or auntie can dance, so much the better; but the best way to keep in touch with ballroom conditions (which nowadays change—nightly—in the twinkle of a fox-trot, as you may say) is just to sit against a wall for four hours. Lookers-on see most of this game.

ADVICE FOR "YOUNG LADIES."

And though Miss X, of course, knows perfectly well how to take care of herself, since she has driven a car in France for four years, she still needs someone to watch over the delicate flower of her prestige, to create for her the atmosphere of romance, with a touch of danger, in which she should by rights move and have her social being. In a word, the chaperon suggests danger. And that is what men like.

For "young ladies" are nothing without their appeal to men's chivalry. Will the lion care to walk beside Una if she has already, in her frank modern way, "dealt with him," and allowed

OUR PREMATURE HOPES OF SPRING.



YES—SPRING IS HERE!



It is the same every year. A little sun. A lot of talk about spring. Then a lot of rain and more winter.—(By W. K. HASELDEN.)

little Red Riding Hood. With the idea of the "chaperon" in falconry is connected the idea of being "hoodwinked"—or hoodwinking.

I conclude that chaperonage is an art—the art of sexual camouflage—and no mistake ought to be made about its uses.

It represents a sheer necessity for the practical young person of refined sensibilities, who does not care to do her own protective work—automatic though it should be. Tilburina, mother, auntie—whatever you may call the elderly protector—should be clever at raising obstacles to be overcome, at propounding minor dilemmas which exercise and stimulate male inventiveness. The fly, the ultimate victim, likes to think there is "something to get over" on the road to his own destruction. The protector can promote a tantalising inaccessibility, an effect of claustration... All camouflage!

But she must learn how to do it.

A partisan of the chaperon suggests somewhere that, though abolished, she may make herself useful by "warning" her charge against the pitfalls which she knows to exist, and giving her the benefit of her larger knowledge."

him to infer, from her unprotectedness, that both she and, more important, her people have come to regard him as utterly negligible? He will like to consider that he has not lost his lionine propensities, although his claws are politely sheathed.

Armidil will feel the want of her enchanted garden; Brynhild needs her curtain of flame and the hint of a sword to follow. And surely, in these mild times that are coming, there will be nobody to do it except the decried and fallen chaperon!

In the last resort, it will be she, or a modified form of her, who will have to "make a long arm" and hang the apple high enough, as Sappho sang. Sappho, surely of all women the least chaperoned, would appear, from this fragment, to have regretted the fact. "As the sweet apple blushes at the end of the bough... the very end of the bough... which the gatherers forgot not... but could not reach..."

Sweet fruit out of reach is all the more delightful in aspect.

When modern girls realise this the elderly person, the protector, the chaperon, may return.

VIOLET HUNT.

THE TIME FOR MARRIAGE

DO OUR WOMEN PREFER THE "MIDDLE-AGED MAN"?

THE WAR'S INFLUENCE.

THERE is no "right age for marriage." All depends on the minds and characters of the people marrying.

Some are babies at thirty. Others are mature at twenty.

On the whole, the war has tended to make our young men—young in years—older in mind and therefore better fitted for marriage. F. M. T.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

I DO not think that Miss Norman looks at the question of "Early Marriages" very broadly. It is certainly very true that second thoughts, yes, and even third thoughts, are best when marriage is contemplated. But does your correspondent seriously recommend the "thinking about it" to extend to that time when they can "regard each other thoughtfully"?—whatever that may mean.

I don't think I am at all sure that I should like my wife to regard me thoughtfully, not as a regular thing, and somehow I believe she wouldn't like me to regard her that way either.

One thing I feel of, and that is that the man or woman who misses marriage in what your contributor terms, and rightly, the stage of childhood misses the best of life.

Please don't let us try to compare marriage with a business deal!

It's wicked, and, besides, they don't correspond anywhere. They don't resemble one another in any one tiny particular. Anyone who calls marriage a "business transaction" is a well, a Hun, but infinitely more to be pitied. Swinburne-street, Derby. J. T. B.

HE KNOWS!

MIDDLE-AGED men are fond of writing and explaining that the girls all like them.

Let them think so.

We younger ones know better!

South Park-terrace, Glasgow. AGED TWENTY.

OUT OF CONTROL.

I HAVE not found that the housewife in my district is so very eager to see foodstuffs out of control.

We have grown used to it. What we dread more than anything is the old competition and crowding in the shops. A. F. E.

FRESH AIR THE CURE?

TO say that medical science has not advanced since the time of the Great Plague is nonsense.

The microbe of influenza has been discovered, and its greatest enemy is fresh air, and the vital essence of fresh air is ozone—i.e., oxygen in an allotropic state.

The Government might assist in the production and distribution of this matter.

Meanwhile private citizens can help, for the essential oil of camphor, eucalyptus, and other plants produce ozone in evaporating; but also act as bringers of "sweetness and light."

BARTON SCAMMELL, M.S.C.I.

ENDOW RESEARCH!

THE letter from "Rheumatic" in your issue of Monday blames the doctors for their contradictory methods of fighting the "flu."

I blame the authorities.

It has cost us a few million pounds a day to run that war, therefore surely they might grant an adequate sum of money so that a carefully selected number of bacteriologists and doctors might make a thorough research of this serious disease.

One hears from all sides that investigation has been hampered by the lack of funds. Give the doctors all the facilities which they need and you will find that no time will be lost in "the scientific discovery" of a malady that is at present baffling the medics.

H. A. DICKENS.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Home Education.—Your respondents don't seem to know that night classes and night study are the rule among large sections of the population! Apart from that I can't see the average flapper settling down to the study of Plato and Aristotle after supper. The "pictures" will suffer if she does.—A. M. B.

Middle-Class Union.—The middle classes utterly lack organisation. They have suffered so much from that lack that their "snobbery" has nearly been killed. Give us a chance to join a protective union, and we will!—MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSEWIFE.

More Food.—If we want greater productivity in food then we must attend to agriculture here. Also to fisheries. The fisherman, the farmer and the grazier are our chief supports. Yet what do we hear about them? It's all about miners that we hear!—AGRICULTURIST.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 5.—Although plants that make the garden gay in spring are best planted in the autumn—since they have then plenty of time to become established—they may be put in during the next two weeks. Strong roots of wallflowers can be set out in firm ground. Doronicons are very easy to grow, and their yellow daisy-like flowers are very most valuable for setting off garden decorations.

Shady beds can be filled with polyanthus, primroses, auriculas and coloured cowslips, while sunny borders may be edged with single and double rock-cress (arabis), aubretia, forget-me-nots and the brilliant yellow alyssum.

E. F. T.

It's here— waiting for you!

You can now buy Margarine
where you like, without coupons.

Now for the delicious Pearks Margarine—the pure, rich and nourishing Margarine in the Fresh Rolls—that you've been looking forward to. It's so different from the controlled Margarine that you've been having, and you know you never could tell it from the finest country butter.

Pearks Margarine in Fresh Rolls per 1/- lb.

Just walk into the Pearks shop and you'll find it there ready for you—big, creamy rolls of the finest Margarine that money can buy. It tastes as good, it looks the same, and is just as nutritious as country butter freshly churned.

You can now buy
**Pearks
Margarine**
per 10^{d.} lb.
Unsurpassed for Quality
and Value.

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Over 400 Branches
throughout the Kingdom.

Meadow Dairy Co., Ltd.



R. GLADWISH,
Red Cross Worker
with the Belgian
Army.

"I suffered considerably from nervous breakdown and **Influenza**. Many times Phosferine was the only thing that saved me from a complete collapse and kept me going."



Prvt. J. H. STRINGER,
A. & S.
Highlanders.

"I had the **'Flu** and could not manage my duties while on the patrol, and was sent to my billet. The same night I was very bad, but having read the good Phosferine has done in **'Flu** cases, I took some Tablets, and the pains went from my head, and my stomach began to get in order again."

STAFF SERGEANT W. COOK, Royal Engineers.

"On Sunday, Feb. 2, I was taken with the **'Flu**, shivering fits, pains in legs, hips, and shoulders, also a rising temperature. To try to keep warm I went to bed in my billet with boots, putties and overcoat on. The following day I was the same, but kept about on duty, at 4.30 p.m. my temperature was 103.5. I then remembered that somewhere in my kit I had some Phosferine so I found it and took four tablets. I went to bed about 8 p.m. and took two more tablets. On the Tuesday morning at 7 a.m. I took my temperature, and to my great surprise found I was down to 98.9, or only half a degree above normal; this soon disappeared and I carried on as the pains and shivers had by then left me. I took the remainder of the tablets, about eight, and since then I've felt 'top hole.' It was Phosferine tablets that effected the rapid cure. I am 56 years of age."

These experienced soldiers are convinced it is a public duty to testify to the unfailing efficacy of Phosferine as a preventive of, and remedy for, the disastrous scourge of **Influenza** now raging throughout the world. Phosferine stimulates the nerve centres to produce the extra vital force needed to prevent the perilous nervous collapse and exhaustion so peculiar to Influenza epidemics.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Nerve Shock
Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide répute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required.

The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1/-, 3/- and 5/-.

The 1/3 size contains nearly four times



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X.F. confers absolute immunity, is safe, agreeable to use, and CERTAIN IN EFFECT.

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130, FLEET STREET, E.C. 4.

THE EPIDEMIC OF CRIME.

AFTER-WAR EFFECTS UPON CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES.

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

Mr. Clifford, in this absorbing article, gives us some reasons for the numbers of law-breakers who appear to be at large.

DURING the past few weeks we have seen in this country examples of violent crime which have been unknown in England for many decades.

The "holding up" of banks and shops is a thing which most of us have believed belonged to the "Wild West" or the cinema play. That at least one such exploit should have taken place in broad daylight in the heart of the West End we find incredible.

And, in addition to these more spectacular crimes we hear reports from all parts of the country of daring burglaries and robberies.

Now, these are conditions only to be expected at a period of social life such as that of to-day. There is no cause for alarm, nor any just reason to imagine that the war has evolved for us a large class of outlaws. The real explanation is to be found largely in two facts.

One is that our wonderfully efficient police system has necessarily been thrown out of gear owing to the war, and has not yet had time completely to reconstruct itself. The other is that a very large number of time-expired criminals, on being released from our prisons, went to fight and are now free.

Many of these men did well and redeemed their past sins, and, having taken the chance offered to them, will in all probability spend the remainder of their lives as law-abiding respectable citizens.

NEW METHODS.

The criminal, perhaps, more than any other type is a creature of habit. His companions and his haunts are of necessity limited, and the police know that, just as they do that the more dangerous criminal is always a specialist, committing nearly always the same type of crime and using the same methods.

Hence the often apparently miraculous manner in which our police are able to lay their hands upon the guilty man within a few hours of the crime.

Take, for example, some peculiarly daring case of burglary. As soon as the act is discovered, detectives are on the spot searching for "clues." Their chief clues are often the methods adopted in his work by the burglar. It may be some peculiar or cunning means of entrance, some particular way of opening a safe, the signs of some special tool that has been used—a score of things.

Now very often the detective can judge from his observations and references that the crime in question is probably the work of one of, say, ten men. He instantly proceeds to discover the whereabouts of each of the ten men at the time of the burglary.

UNDERSTAFFED POLICE.

The tentacles of police inquiry go far, and information is gleaned quickly. Within a few hours our detective has discovered perhaps that two of his ten men were already in prison for other crimes, of the remaining eight, four, he has definitely established, were nowhere near the scene of the crime. He is then left with four "possibles."

The next step is to find those "possibles." Their haunts and companions, as I have said, are very well known to the police, and special investigations are set on foot to find out in detail where they were when the crime was committed and particularly whether any one of them appears suddenly to be in funds.

Of course, I am outlining a simple case, but it is a fair example. We will imagine that one of the four "possibles" is discovered to be spending money in his favourite public-house a good deal more freely to-day than he was for a week or two before the burglary.

Our detective will concentrate on that man, compare his finger prints with any that may have been found on the burgled premises, follow him and his doings until sooner or later sufficient evidence is secured to arrest him. And then the trial and one more criminal is safely housed where he cannot harm the community for a year or so.

But had this burglary been the work of a new man the work of the police would have been infinitely harder, just as it would have been had they not most accurately indexed records of the careers and customs of known criminals.

And at the moment an understaffed police force is having to deal both with new men and imperfect records for these reasons. J. C.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR HOUSE IN ORDER!

WHY WE NOW HAVE NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

By PHILLIDA.

WHEN Eliza came to stay—and didn't we could not blame her, since it was spring-time, and her thoughts had turned to land.

She was nearly everything a maid could be, and so, while wishing her luck, we could not but feel sore, and rather sorry for ourselves as well. But we decided to buckle on our armour, put our house in order, and run it maidless for a time.

Eliza had left us a legacy in the way of a surprising assortment of labour-saving devices that had found no favour with her. Indeed, she had treated them all with impartial contempt. Why had not our willing little maid availed herself of the many helps we had devised for her sole comfort?

A closer intimacy with our charlady threw some light on the subject. She told us she reckoned she could polish three knives on the old board in the time the patent machine thought it could do one. She regarded carpet-sweepers, mops, long-handled polishers and the rest as work-shy articles for a woman still strong and active. All lesser aids to work she dubbed "penny-wise fooleries" that might "do well enough for foreigners."

We tested these "work-savers" and certainly found chaff among the wheat. An apple corer that crumpled up after reducing its victim by one-fourth. A coy potato-peeler, cucumber-slicer and grater combined, that covered itself with rust in lieu of glory and disfigured everything attacked.

Many articles of this class—too cheap to be possible, and of suspected Hun origin—were abandoned; but there remained a goodly list of

invaluable aids to housework, such as a stroll through any up-to-date store can supply.

What long hours a housewife spends on hands and knees at scrubbing, hearthstoning, polishing, "till the brain is sick and the heart benumbed as well as the weary hand," when minutes could effect the same labour with a judiciously-selected implement.

Women are proverbially conservative—the charlady peculiarly so. She, being the awed enemy of all things new and strange, makes it her business to influence the maids, and the long-suffering mistress hasn't the heart, if the means, to collect work-saving novelties that will be doomed to rusty idleness.

But even a charlady has her heel of Achilles, and should some enterprising firm bring out a particularly vicious washing-powder, warranted to remove more fabric than stain, she is "on it."

We have known an otherwise estimable charlady whose under-pockets bulged with "destroyers" with which all things that came her way, from dishcloths to delaineette "unes," were doped.

Leaving her, however, to her own devices for the furtherance of misapplied energy, we proved to our own satisfaction that, if many hands make light work, modern inventions make it lighter and in many instances a real pleasure.

Such things as a floor-waxer and polisher combined, floor-washer with self-wringing mop, lightning wall-cleaner, semi-miraculous step-cleaner worked from the hall, etc., stout, British and reliable, are now our trusted allies.

We no longer mourn Eliza. Nor has the thought of the approaching spring-clean the power to chill us. Rather we regard its advent with almost joyful anticipation, for, with the aid of our new-found magic, we are exchanging all our old lamps for new. P.

THE PAYING GUEST IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE DELICATE TASK OF ARRANGING TERMS.

By ALFRED BARNARD.

This article throws some light on a curious domestic problem that has to be grappled with. THE P.G. is a person of astonishing respectability who ranks as far above the lodger of former days as the General above the "Tommy."

There are two known varieties: the male, who occupies high places in the world of business, and whose birth and manners rival each other in gentleness, and there is the female, whose virtues cannot be counted upon the fingers of the hands, and who drinks hot water in order to preserve, not her digestion, but her bank balance.

The housekeeper who trades, as one might say, in P.G.s has a fixed charge, to advertise which in the daily Press she considers quite consonant with her dignity.

She experiences no shock to her finer feelings when mentioning terms. She can point out all the advantages of the home life offered to the P.G. while his references are doing their best to jump out of his pockets.

There is the anthracite stove which never goes out—but does not happen, by one of those amazing tricks of fate, to be alight just now. The bathroom with the geyser that will be repaired after Peace is declared and the plumbers are at rest from war labours. The house, if you please, is so clean that it is figuratively speaking a "wash-out." There will be early tea at 7.30—breakfast at 9.

At breakfast you will meet Miss So-and-So—perfectly charming lady—related to the Viscount No More Money. So nice, don't you know, to mix with really nice people; and the price will be two guineas per week, baths extra (after the return of the plumber)—and there you are!

That is the lady and the P.G. in the ordinary way of life.

But what of that other P.G.—the fellow who drops you a charming little note saying that it's quite true he has known you only a little while, and, of course, he's aware that you don't let rooms to people; he knows it's beastly cheek on his part—at the same time, the fact is, don't you know, he finds it awfully difficult to get accommodation anywhere, and could you sort of fix him up? Perhaps you'll be good enough to let him know if you could manage it—and how much will it be.

"He's a very nice fellow!" my wife said when I showed her the letter; "and there is a room doing nothing!"

"Oh, he's all right—no doubt," I agreed; "but you don't want to turn the place into an hotel, do you?"

"Don't be silly! Just write and tell him to come. He's got to live somewhere!"

That's precisely like a wife. The P.G.'s got to live somewhere. But I can pack myself up in an old tin box and smile.

"Then what about the charge? I don't know what to charge the chap?"

"You'd better talk that over with him, dear!"

"Not me! I'm not a caterer—never sold so much as a penny roll in my life! You must see him or ring him up, or ring his—oh, do what you think best!"

So one day, a day that otherwise would have been peaceful, there arrives at my house the P.G. with a dozen trunks or so.

Things go along swimmingly.

The P.G. likes us, and we like the P.G. He improves on acquaintance, and before a week is up we're almost devouring each other from sheer affection.

Then one day he says, blushing shyly: "By the way, we didn't fix up the financial side of this paying guest business!"

"Oh," I say airily, "you'd better speak to the wife about that! I haven't the least idea what to charge you."

"All right," he says, "I will—but I shall be frightened out of my life."

Later, when alone with the wife, I say: "The P.G. wants to know what he ought to pay! And I've told him to see you!"

"What on earth did you do that for? I don't know what to charge!"

"Neither do I—and he doesn't know what to pay!"

"You see eggs are sixpence each!"

"Yes—but the poor man's only had one, and that was bad! Anyway—you fix it all up. I must go, or I shall be late for the office. Good-bye—he's scared to death of you, so charge him a lot—he'll be afraid to say no!"

With which facetious advice I leave her.

That was months ago—and we still have the P.G. I've never inquired what was fixed up. Ignorance is bliss. And it's better to leave well alone.



COAST EROSION.—A terrace of six houses at Trimingham, Norfolk, now in course of demolition. They were only built fifteen years ago.

OUR MODERN PERIODICAL READING.

THE TENDENCY TOWARDS DANGEROUS LITERATURE.

By EDITH NORMAN.

LIKE most women workers, I am pleased enough in my moments of relaxation to pick up periodicals and magazines, with their attractive covers, and to scan the pages that suggest great comfort and little exertion to a tired brain.

I like them better than books, whose covers are dull and suggest mind-concentration.

I purchase and read numbers of papers and magazines with unfailing regularity.

Also, like all readers, I love to keep them by me and return to them in idle moments.

In going through my collection of back numbers I see the usual love stories which held me enthralled, and I remember how I waited for each instalment to appear.

The stories were mostly about a hero, a heroine, and the inevitable villain, and finished up, as all stories should, with the ascendancy of "Right over Might."

But our magazine writers of to-day appear to have adopted new tactics entirely, and the result, to my way of thinking, is somewhat alarming.

I was asked by my niece, a young girl of seventeen, if I was reading Miss So and So's weekly, and didn't I think it "just too perfectly priceless?"

I had been reading the story, and was

amazed at the daring of the author and the publisher.

The story, in scheme and construction, is extremely unconventional, and deals with certain domestic situations that, while being ingenious and well handled, are calculated to set the mind of the girl reader in a direction that is not—to say the least of it—desirable.

These stories are a recurrence of the "problem" story and play much discussed some years ago.

I am no believer in keeping girls in total ignorance of life as they were kept in the Victoria Era.

Let them know and understand the sober, serious realities.

Sound education produces healthy-minded girls.

This, however, is not the province of fiction, which primarily should amuse.

I feel that the mind of the modern English girl will be warped if this knowledge is to be presented to her sandwiched between amusement and recreation.

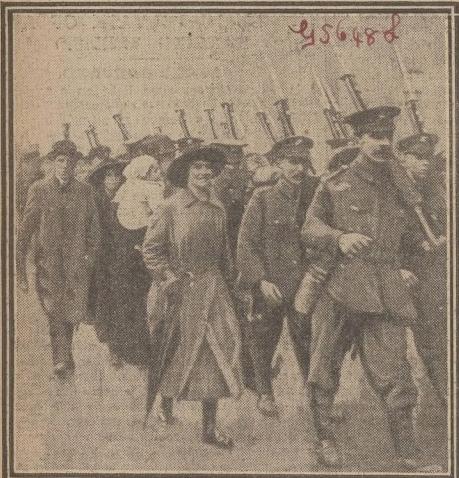
In many homes the daughters of the house are treated as if they were still children, yet parents leave these stories available in the house and spend hours of bitterness when one day these same daughters are developing extraordinary ideas.

The stories to which I have referred may do harm to every type of English girl.

That is sufficiently serious.

For is not she the pride of heart, home, field and fireside? E. N.

GUARDS' HOMECOMING



One by one the battalions of the various Guards regiments are coming home, and the 3rd Grenadiers reached London yesterday. They were accompanied by many relatives and friends on their march from St. Pancras to the Tower.—
(Daily Mirror photograph.)

BOUGHT ROYAL GIFTS



Lady Arnott, who was auctioneer at a charity sale at Dublin, handing the silver snuff-box and autographed portrait of Admiral Sir David Beatty (the gifts of Princess Mary) to the purchaser, Sir Stanley Cochrane. Sir Dunbar Barton is the centre figure.

FOOTBALL IN A BROOK



The ball being thrown clear of the river,



THIRTEEN MILES INTO GERMANY.—B Battery (Fulham) R.F.A. thirteen miles east of the Rhine, the farthest point to which any body of British troops has penetrated into enemy territory.



FILM INFLUENCE.—Mr. Holford Knight, the barrister, to lecture on crime and the cinema at the Stoll Picture Theatre Club.



On arrival in the street there is a



P24064
A "CONCERTED" EFFORT.—Miss Lena Ashwell and her helpers counting a day's takings from the canvas which is being made by demobilised soldiers on behalf of her concerts at the front.



P21085A
ADMIRAL BEATTY IN FRANCE.—Sir David, who has been paying a visit to the front, leaving G.H.Q. at Monstrail. He saw several of the big battlefields.—(Official photograph.)



P21047D
HESITATED TO PLUNGE.—An oil tank torpedoed off the north-east of Scotland remained in this position for two days before finally sinking.



P21047E
Brigadier-General Jellicoe, football which is held Derbyshire, by throw play

OK: A VICTORY GAME.



the players leave the water and rush after it.



"rum," in which the women take a hand.

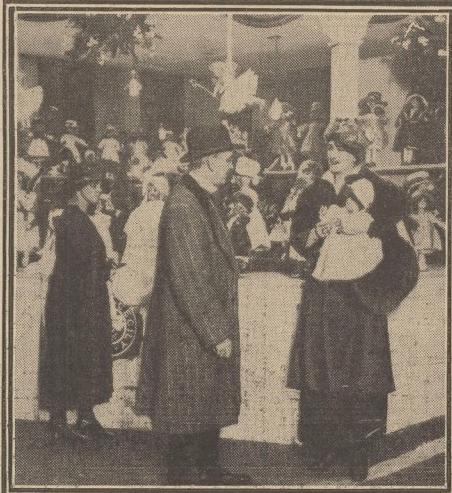


with Victory ball.

S.O., started the game of
croquet at Ashbourne,
the Victory ball into the
game is that part of it is
Daily Mirror exclusive.

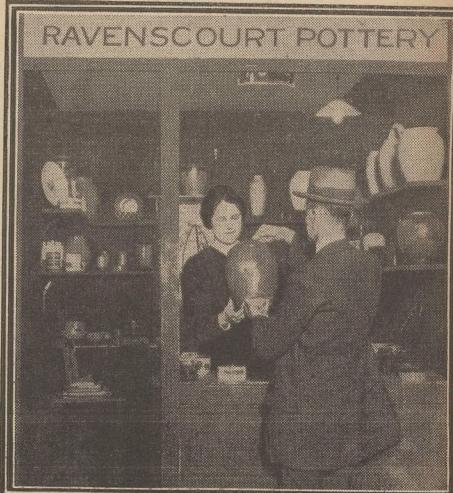
LATEST WEAR.—On the left a coat and skirt in dark blue viscose trimmed with tailored braid binding, and on the right a smart coat. Both are from Paris.

WOMEN HELPING TO FIGHT GERMAN TRADE.



P20484A Mrs. Pamflett showing the first doll she made.

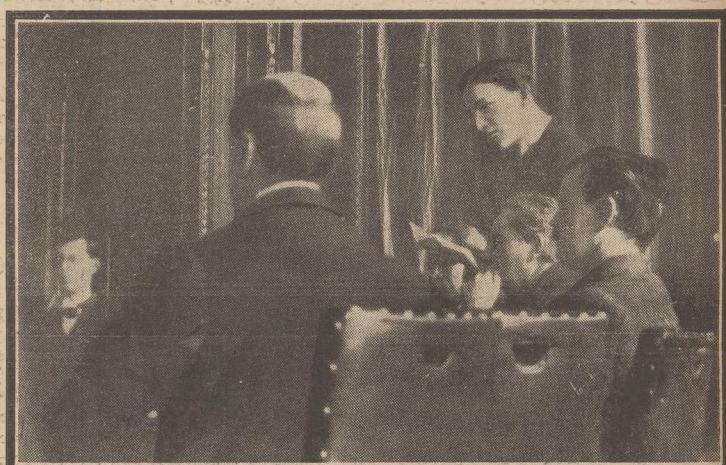
The skill shown by the women of Great Britain in the arts and crafts can be seen at the Board of Trade's British Industries Fair, now being held at the London Docks.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



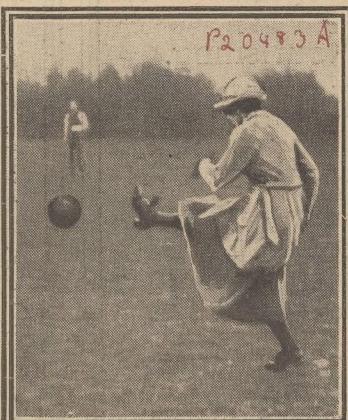
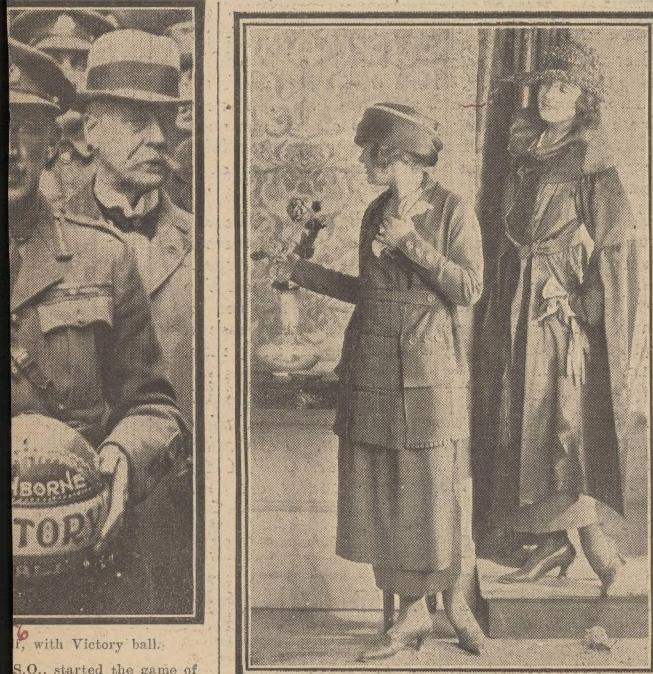
P20483A Miss Luny selling a specimen of her pottery.



P20485
CORPORAL'S RISE.—
Staff-Captain H. H. Miller,
who fought at Mons as a
corporal, is doing demobiliza-
tion work.



P20480Y
MORE ASTONISHING COAL FIGURES.—Mr. Frank Hodges, secretary of the Miners' Federation, speaking at the Commission, which held its second sitting yesterday. Further evidence was given as to pro-
fits, the excess in 1916, a witness stated, being £10,000,000.



P20483A
HOSPITAL FOOTBALL.—Nurse Symons gave the ball a really "hefty" kick when the referee's whistle blew at Exmouth for the opening of the match between teams composed of wounded officers and wounded "Tommies."



P20484A
MAJOR'S DIVORCE BILL.—The House of Lords has given a second reading to the Bill to dissolve the marriage of Major G. F. Cavendish Clarke (the petitioner, inset) with Florence Clarke (also seen).

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1/3 or 3/- a box at all Chemists and Drug Stores, or post free at above prices direct from The *Ker-nak* Natural Remedy, Ltd., Leeds.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss Gertrude Penrose,
M.M., to be married
shortly.



Hon. Mrs. Rupert
Keppel, formerly Miss
Violet de Trafford.

Premier's Return.

Many Interesting Art Shows—Influencia
in the Theatres.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will make a long stay in Paris this time. He will not, according to present plans, be back here till the end of the month. By this time it is hoped that the preliminary Peace Treaty will be ready for signature. Then the blockade of Germany will be practically, if not wholly, raised.

How to Use the Hun Fleet.

Major David Davies, M.P., is very keen on a rather ingenious idea for disposing of the question what we should do with the German Navy. He holds that the obvious thing for it is to undertake police duties on behalf of the League of Nations, and there is a good deal of support in the House for this idea.

No New Order Yet.

There is not the slightest chance of the "Order of St. David" coming into being just yet, and, indeed, the King has not even given it his serious consideration. This proposal is no new one, as some people seem to think, but was first brought forward when the Prince of Wales was invested with his style and title at Carnarvon Castle.

Moro F.M.s.

The Army is soon to have two more field-marshals, I hear. Sir Herbert Plumer and Sir Edmund Allenby are mentioned, and whom could one think of as more deserving? Most people think that there is a limit to the number of field-marshals that can be made; but this is not so.

Land for Sale.

Several more peers are getting rid of their estates. Lord Berners is selling some of his acres round about Shrewsbury. They are only surplus acres, however, for when he disposes of these Lord Berners has twelve thousand left.

Invalid Peer.

Lord Plymouth's illness, though the crisis is over, continues to cause his family anxiety, I hear. Another operation has been performed at Hewell Grange, which the patient stood well, and according to latest reports he is making good progress.

Festina Lente at the Admiralty.

Evidently the Admiralty does not intend to be accused of undue haste in the demobilisation of its "beauties." A circular has just now been sent round the sub-departments asking for the names of the women clerks it is de-



Miss Caroline Harvey,
debutante daughter of Sir Robert Harvey, has a
land worker.



Miss Katherine Horne,
only daughter of Gen.
Sir H. S. Horne, is a
land worker.

sired to retain permanently, and thoughtfully adding that "the remainder should be demobilised on or before October 1 next."

"Temps" Troubles.

Civil Service temps who are about to be demobilised are disgusted because they will have to go to the labour exchanges in order to draw their unemployment donation. I am told that some of them would like it forwarded to their addresses by cheque or money order. They hate the thought of "quenching up" with demobilised munition workers.

The Orient in Dress.

A wave of Orientalism was obvious even to men's eyes at the Lucile dress show of what women will wear this year. Gold tinsel trousers seemed quite ordinary parts of evening gowns, with cummerbunds and gorgous coatees. The mannequins were bowed on to the stage by tiny black pageboys in Oriental gorgeousness.

Watching the Gowns.

I have never viewed a more gorgeous scene on any stage, and so though the many notabilities present. Miss Lily Elsie, Miss Ethel Levey, Miss Winnie Barnes and Miss Pauline Chase were all enraptured. I saw, too, Countess Poulett, Lady Chelmsford and Lady Grevelle.

War Bonus for High Officials.

I am told that Civil Servants with salaries exceeding £500 a year, but not exceeding £1,500, are to be given a war bonus of ten per cent. Women are to be given two-thirds of a male official's bonus. Very few people would grumble at these bonuses.

Police Disunion.

Sir Neville Macready, whose firm stand against the demands of the Police Union is exciting varied comment, has this claim in



Lady Herbert Hervey,
daughter of the Earl
of Dundonald.



Miss Jennie Hartley
plays lead in "The
Bing Boys" on tour.

Road Repairs.

The Ministry of Reconstruction estimated that it would cost sixty million pounds to bring back British roads to pre-war conditions. The parliamentary committee of various motor organisations now puts the figure at a hundred and seventy millions, which sounds surprisingly tall.

The King's Giant.

Those who go to Buckingham Palace may see the King's tallest footman. His height is 6ft. 6in. When he was only fourteen he was already 5ft. 4in., and the Guards' training sent him up to 6ft. by the time he was eighteen.

Half an Inch.

Apparently there is one taller—by half an inch—but he has been a prisoner of war and has not yet put on his scarlet coat and returned to duty.

Chelsea Will Yell-See?

Stripes, cubes and squares will be the "note" of the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, on Wednesday, both in the costumes and in the decoration of the Albert Hall. The main scheme carries out the "dazzle" idea which saved so many of our ships at sea from the evil designs of the Hun submarines and other war craft.

Dripping for News.

A returned prisoner from Germany tells me that he bribed a guard to get him an English newspaper. This cost him 25 marks and two tons of dripping. By hiring the journal out to other prisoners he recovered his first outlay.

Regimental Ties.

I notice a considerable number of obviously "demobbed" men are now wearing ties with the regimental colours of "the old corps." It is a good idea. In pre-war days "Terriers" frequently adopted this fashion.

A Flu Victim.

It is hard lines for Lady Nelson that the new piece at the new Winter Garden Theatre has been changed. It will now be "Our Little Wife," and by-the-by, it is not an American play at all; as some people have hastily assumed. Composer Ivan Caryll will conduct at the first performance.

A Big Picture.

An artist friend says the sensation of the forthcoming Royal Academy show will be Mr. Sargent's great oblong canvas, which is being born out of the vivid impressions the painter received during his six months' experience in the battle zone. It is not finished yet.

Rocky Buildings.

I happened to be with an architect when I looked in at Walker's Galleries in Bond-street to spend a few pleasant minutes with Lady Victoria "Manners" "Gardens in Many Lands." Her flowers and trees and shrubs make one long for their counterpart in reality—but her buildings and balustrades provoked fierce expositions from my architect friend.

Horses' Sargent.

There is another delightful show at Connell's, in Bond-street, where Mr. Munnings has two rooms with his healthy, breezy paintings of country life. They justify the claim made for him that he is the Sargent of the stable and the hunting field and the gipsy encampment.

A "Backslider."

Mr. Nevinson, I am told, has had his name put up for election to the Royal Academy. This can only mean that he has definitely given up cubism and futurism. There is much bitter talk about his apostasy among the votaries of modernism in art.

An Irish Lady's Hobby.

Lady Ardilaun is amongst the contributors to the Water Colour Society's Exhibition in Dublin this year, I am told. Her pictures of scenes near Cong, her Mayo home, are attracting some attention.

A Long, Long Way.

Another contributor to the exhibition is Lady Ross of Bladensburg, wife of Sir John Ross, formerly Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Police. She has already made her name in Irish art circles as an amateur of distinction, and her studies of pastoral scenes in far-famed Tipperary add merit to this year's collection.

Theatrical Invalids.

The "flu" has been laying our leading ladies low, if one may alliteratively say so. However, Miss Iris Hoey is back at the Duke of York's after a bad bout. Likewise does Miss Dorothy Branton return to the Apollo, having recovered. So that's all right.

Redecorated.

When the Queen's Theatre is reopened on Saturday it will be found to have been done up. The decorations now are in wine colour and marble, which sounds very cool and refreshing.

Pitties Pitied.

The recent discussion as to the abolition of the pit has had one rather comic effect. Managers of theatres which have pits are eagerly sending round paragraphs to say so.

Chorus-Singing.

At the Vaudeville the other evening I saw the lady known to playgoers as Miss Zena Dare in the stalls with her husband, the Hon. Maurice Brett. Mr. Walter Williams induced her to sing the chorus of "K—K—Katy" alone, and when the applause had died down he remarked, "It's really quite time you came back to the stage, Miss Dare."

Now Bride.

I looked into the Kingsway again the other night. "Oh, Joy!" now plays a little more closely and briskly than it did on the night of production; and Miss Margot Kelly is highly approved of in the part first played by Miss Dot Temple.

Play Retitled.

At almost the last moment the title of the new piece at the new Winter Garden Theatre has been changed. It will now be "Our Little Wife," and by-the-by, it is not an American play at all; as some people have hastily assumed. Composer Ivan Caryll will conduct at the first performance.

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"Nervy"
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NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

LOOKING FORWARD.

SIMPSON, junior, met Ursula Lorriher at their second appointment at the teashop where Jake Rattray had seen and recognised himself.

"I simply dare not ask you to come to my home," she told him breathlessly. "It isn't really my home; I have lived with my aunt and uncle since my father died, and—well, they don't know anything about what I have done—about the advertisement, I mean, and I don't want them to know till it is all settled."

Her grey eyes sought his face anxiously. "I suppose it will all be settled?" she asked. "Sometimes it seems too good to be true; I simply can't believe it."

"I think there is no doubt that it will be settled," Mr. Simpson answered. "I have seen my—client again, and, beyond one slight condition, he is quite ready to arrange everything."

Ursula laughed. "Only one condition? I should not have been surprised if he had tried to make half a dozen. Tell me what it is?"

Mr. Simpson hesitated. "It is rather a curious one," he said at last. "But, then—" And he smiled. "My client is rather a curious man, if I may be allowed to say so."

"He must be a perfect dear," said Ursula warmly. "And even though I don't know him and have never seen him, I'm not going to allow you to say one word against him, Mr. Simpson."

Simpson, junior, protested that he had never intended such a thing. He was thinking what a charming protégée young Rattray had chosen and how delightful her soft young voice had sounded when she had called him "a perfect dear!"

In spite of Jake's denials, he was convinced that romance was at the bottom of this very extraordinary affair, and he watched Ursula closely as he told her of the condition that Jake wished to impose.

"It is simply this—that you must not marry, or consent to marry, anyone without his—my client's—consent."

Ursula stared at him blankly for a moment; then she laughed.

"Is that all? Good gracious! I thought it was going to be something much worse and more difficult. Of course, I promise! Does he want it in writing, with a penny stamp on?"

She was very young in her excitement. Her eyes were like stars.

"It's not at all likely that I shall ever want to get married," she went on positively. "I never did care much at all—except father; and if I succeed with my—well, what I shan't ever want anything more in all the world!"

"That is what you think now?" Mr. Simpson warned her. "But you are very young, you know, and all your life lies before you...."

"I know. But that won't make any difference. Tell him, please, that I am quite all right about the condition, and that if ever I should want to get married—which I shall not—of course, I will tell him. Is that all?"

"That is the only condition I was asked to make."

"Then it's all settled? He doesn't want to choose what master I am to go to, or anything like that?"

"No, nothing of that sort."

"I am so glad, because I want to choose my own. Oh, isn't it wonderful to think that the dream of my life is coming true?"

"My client was very glad to know that he has made you so happy!"

"Will he?" She looked rather doubtful. "I wonder why he won't see me himself?" she asked after a moment. "You would think he would be a little interested to see what sort of a person I am, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Simpson smiled. "He may have seen you. I do not know."

"Did you give him the tickets for that concert?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"And was he there?"

Mr. Simpson shook his head. "I really cannot say; I have not seen him since."

"I hope he was not," said Ursula vehemently. "It was a very poor sort of concert; I don't think many of the people could really have cared much about music." She looked away from him with a sort of shyness.

Suddenly: "Why did he make that condition about my marrying, I wonder?" she asked abruptly.

Mr. Simpson was startled. "I really cannot say, unless he has some idea that if you married it might perhaps spoil your career."

She smiled scornfully. "I should never allow anyone or anything to do that."

Simpson junior did not answer. She was very sure herself, he thought. Such confidence in a girl you can't even see with your eyes!" "I should like to write and thank him," Ursula said again suddenly. "There can be no harm in that, can there? And I should like him to know that I really am grateful. Will you give him a letter if I write?"

"I certainly will; but it is not really necessary. He is merely doing this from motives of

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

pure philanthropy, so he assures me, and he deserves no thanks."

"I shall write, all the same," Ursula insisted. "And I will send it to you. And now—is that all you want to say to me?"

"Everything, I think." A faint smile crossed Mr. Simpson's grave face. "I am I to be allowed to pay for the postage?"

Ursula laughed. "Please!" she said. They left the shop together and parted outside.

"And tell him when you see him—this wonderful client of yours," she said, as she turned away. "that he has made me happier than I ever thought I could be. You won't forget, will you?"

"I shall not forget."

"I shall be very happy!" Ursula said to herself as she sped homewards.

The future had suddenly opened to her, bright and filled with promise. The clouds that had gathered around her life since her father's death had been dispersed as if by a magic wand. Her excited imagination leapt ahead into the days when fulfilment would have crowned her dreams.

She looked very pleased with yourself, Ursula," were the words with which her aunt greeted her when she reached home. "Has somebody left you a fortune?"

BREAKING THE NEWS.

MRS. MARCH was a thin, sour-faced woman with unsmiling lips and a sharp tongue. If the faded portraits that adorned her drawing-room mantelshelf were to be believed, she had once been plump and pretty, but twenty years of life as Henry March's wife had effectually changed her curves into angles and wiped every trace of youth and beauty from her face. She was fond of Ursula because she had adored her only brother, Ursula's father.

He had been the black sheep of a narrow-minded chapel-going family, but everyone had adored him nevertheless, and his sister, Millie, March, had given him all the love she had ever had to bestow. She had married Henry March for no better reason than that he had asked her, and she had spent her whole life since regretting it.

That he was rich she knew, and that he was most despicable of all things, a mean man, she knew also to her cost. She had no smallest hope, therefore, when Ursula came to them eager for the future, and proud of the promise in her voice, that help could be expected from him.

"Your uncle never liked your father," she told the girl from the first. "He hated all my people. It is no use looking for help from him."

"Ursula had not believed her.

"Uncle Henry believes in speculation, doesn't he?" she had asked. "Well, my voice is a speculation. Some day I shall be able to pay him back and a great deal more besides for anything he may do for me now."

"Your Uncle Henry does nothing," his wife had replied and she had been right.

Henry March did not believe in music any more than he believed in love, or a man's duty to his wife.

It was all "foolish and nonsense," he declared. "Nobody ever made a farthing out of singing rubbishy love songs. Ursula could be made to see sense. He could get her into a bank, where she could earn her good thirty shillings a week."

Lorraine made a fool of her, he told his wife flatly. "Lorraine made a fool of everyone included."

But hope had been slow to die in Ursula's heart. She had fondly imagined that Henry March could be managed, or coaxed. She had done her best to try and win some sort of interest from him, and had failed.

"Tell me what it would be," her aunt said steadily. "You have to give up the idea. If I had got any money you should have it and welcome, for your father's sake, but I have none."

Poor woman! Unknown to Ursula, she had taken her few little bits of jewellery to a shop and offered them for sale in the vain hope that they might raise something substantial towards the sum she now required, but she had come back with the poor little trinkets hidden in her mutt and the same list of the names of the jeweller stamped on to her memory for all time.

Worthless, he had called them—the only presents her husband had ever given her.

"Far better give it up and go into a bank," she had counselled Ursula that night. "When you are as old as I am you'll know how useless it is to waste your time crying for the moon."

And Ursula had appeared to agree.

So she had waited and the change in the girl's face when she came in from her second interview with Mr. Simpson.

"Have you had a fortune left you?" she asked again dryly, as Ursula did not answer her first question.

Ursula went up to her and kissed her vehemently.

"Can you keep a secret, Aunt Milly?" she said, her eyes excited whisper.

Mrs. March smiled wryly. "Can I keep a secret?" she echoed. "Well, I think I might be able to."

She did not think it worth while to explain that all her life she had been struggling to keep the secret of petty discomforts and household worries from the man she had married, because she feared his anger. Ursula could have nothing to tell her that would worry her more than the

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Ursula Lorriher.

constant wear and tear of domestic monotony had done.

Ursula clung to her secret for a moment longer; then suddenly she let it go. "Milly! Someone has given me a thousand pounds to have my voice trained."

Mrs. March started. For a moment she thought Ursula had taken leave of her senses. The girl laughed at her perplexity.

"It's quite true. I know it sounds like a dream, but it's quite true; and now I shan't have to take that horrid birth Uncle found for me. I can spend all my life singing—singing."

Mrs. March moistened her pale lips.

"Whom did you say had given you a thousand pounds?" she asked with deadly composure.

Ursula checked her excitement sufficiently to explain. She told the whole story of the advertisement—how she had inserted it as a fast-desirous hope; of the answer that had come, and the appointment that had been made and not kept; of the second letter, and its magnificent results.

"It's a fairy story—only a real one," she said. "And I'm so happy that I don't know what to do."

"The man," said Mrs. March faintly, "whoever he is, must be mad."

He's a sweet young man. "Oh, I wish I could see him and thank him, but he won't let me. Never mind; perhaps some day he'll change his mind, and then—well, then I shall tell him that he's been the best friend I've ever had."

"Is he young?" Mrs. March inquired disapprovingly.

Ursula laughed. "I don't know. I don't know anything about him."

URSULA IS GRATEFUL.

THERE was a little silence. "What do you imagine your uncle will say?" Mrs. March asked again.

"I don't see what business it is of his," Ursula said defiantly.

"He makes most things his business," Mrs. March answered hopelessly.

She looked at the girl's flushed, eager face. "A thousand pounds will not do all that you imagine it will," she said.

"I still have my mother's money," the girl answered. "It's not very much, I know, but it will keep me going very carefully."

"At the first things are now?" the elder woman said prosaically.

Her outlook on life had lost what little romance and interest it had ever possessed. She went on living with Henry March because it never occurred to her that she could leave him. He had, withered her mind with his incessant bullying and indifference, and made of her a mere machine that mended his clothes, and kept his house clean, and struggled to knock out a billion of the weekly cost of living so that he might have the more to spend on his own selfishness.

Ursula looked at her aunt's hard, faded face and shivered as she went up to her room.

"Poor auntie! I hope I never get married. I think men are awful."

But she took out paper and ink and sat down there and there to write the man who had opened the gates of the future to her. He was, of course, the greatest scoundrel in the whole sex, as she told herself. There had never been anyone as wonderful and generous as he.

"Though I do not know who you are, I feel that I must write to you," she wrote with eager impulsion. "Because I want you to know how happy you have made me, and how much I thank you. I wonder if you are fond of music? And you will ever come to hear me sing? I wonder if you are young or old, and if I have ever seen you."

"I mean to work so hard and try and pay you back for all you are going to do for me. Some day I mean to make you proud that it was you who gave me the means to do the great things that I feel sure I shall be able to do. I hope you will not think this is a very silly letter, but it is so difficult to write to anyone who you do not even know their name, or..."

"Ursula," Mrs. March called from the stairs. "Ursula!"

"Coming!" Ursula dropped her pen and ran to the door.

Mrs. March stood half way up the stairs, her thin face worried and flushed. "Your uncle has just telephoned that he is coming in to dinner after all and bringing someone with him. So worrying, when there is only the cold mutton and soup, and now we shall have to get something else down."

"Do you want me to come and help?"

"If you would just make me some pastry," Ursula turned back to her room. She could not leave that unfinished letter lying about.

"Whom is he bringing?" she asked presently as she ran downstairs.

Mrs. March shook her head. "Somebody fresh! He is always bringing fresh acquaintances, and he thinks they can make money out of. Money is all his care about."

"Somebody old and uninteresting, her thoughts still busy with her own concerns."

"I didn't ask," Mrs. March answered. "And he only told me the name—a Captain Rattray, I think he said."

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

"Such splendid results"

Mrs. Wilson, "Beulah," Lockhurst Lane, Coventry, says:—

"I believe Virol is the ideal food for babies. Both my little girls were breast fed, but when I weaned them I was anxious to find them the best food. I tried several patent foods and found Virol gave such splendid results that I have given up all others. It is almost impossible for me to go out without people passing remarks upon their splendid condition and asking me what I fed them on. I know many people who are feeding their babies on Virol as a result of seeing my children. Ruth weighs 4 stones, and you will see from her picture her splendid condition. I think Virol a perfect food for babies and other children."

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WHAT MAKES A WOMAN HAPPY?

A woman must be happier when she knows how to enhance and maintain her personal charm.

By giving you the whole of this knowledge the Kallone Course will increase your happiness immeasurably.

The Kallone Course will tell you the underlying principles of personal beauty—how to rectify faults of figure, complexion, eyes, lips, cheeks and hair.

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The above facts hardly hint at the scope of the Kallone Course. Every girl or woman who desires to achieve her absolute best should send for a copy of the Kallone Book, which gives complete information about this unique education. It is sent gratis and post free by THE KALLONE SOCIETY (Book Room J), OXFORD.

HOME DRESSMAKING A DEAD ART.

How Women Could Lower
Present High Prices.

EMBROIDERY AND BRIDGE.

"Not more than" fourteen women in a hundred know even the rudiments of dressmaking. Not more than six in a hundred can turn out a well-fitted gown or coat."

This is a statement made by an L.C.C. instructor in dressmaking.

"Dressmaking, which was once to women what the A.B.C. is to all children, is now a dead art with women, killed by two opposed forces, fine embroidery and bridge," another instructor told *The Daily Mirror*.

"Girls of every class will spend their spare time crocheting and embroidering, but they have no idea how to make a dress. Richer women say they must make money at bridge to pay their dress bills."

Young women can save 75 per cent. of her dress bills by making gowns herself.

"It is an easy art compared to dressmaking twenty years ago. There are no trimmings, no ruchings, flouncing or even tuckings."

"There are firms who make exact reproductions of your figure; there are ready-made bodice linings, with belts attached, fasteners, ready-made vestlets for the neck, and even net sleeves."

"The woman who makes her own gown can afford rich materials because none is wasted. She can even have materials made for her."

"If women would band together, learn dressmaking and make their own garments, the appalling prices charged by dressmakers would quickly fall."

DEMobilised MEN.

Ministry of Pensions Scheme for Affording Medical Assistance.

The Ministry of Pensions have made arrangements for dealing with demobilised men (Class Z) who require medical treatment during their furlough period of twenty-eight days.

Any man, whether or not he is claimed to be impaired before leaving a dispersal centre, is entitled during such period to medical treatment free of charge at the nearest military hospital at which accommodation is available for him. The commandants of the military hospitals are empowered to issue travelling warrants.

A man is entitled at any time after the conclusion of furlough, and notwithstanding that he did not claim impairment on demobilisation, to represent that he is suffering from a disability caused by his war service, and to make a claim for pension under Article 9.

NEW HONOUR FOR MAJ-GENERAL V.C.

The King has conferred the honour of Knight Commander of the Order of the Star of India on Major-General Sir A. S. Cobbe, V.C., K.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., Indian Army, for services in connection with the military operations in Mesopotamia.

SUFFERED TERRIBLE PAINS THROUGH INDIGESTION.

BUT BENEFIT QUICKLY FOLLOWS USE
OF BISURATED MAGNESIA.

From Manor Cottage, Byfleet, Mrs. W. Driven writes: "I suffered such terrible pains through indigestion that, although I often felt famished, I simply dreaded meal times, but I have improved wonderfully since I commenced taking Bisurated Magnesia. I can now eat my meals regularly, and I experience no pain or unpleasantness afterwards." Dread of pain to follow causes many dyspeptics to worry about their diet to such an extent that health fails and they become weak, thin and ill, but Bisurated Magnesia renders dieting and drug taking unnecessary because it neutralises the harmful acid which is usually the sole cause of all the trouble. Bisurated Magnesia can be obtained of high-class chemists everywhere at 3s. per bottle, and half a teaspoonful taken in a little water after meals will be found sufficient in most cases to ensure perfect digestion and freedom from all pain and unpleasantness. In countless cases of indigestion dyspepsia, heartburn, flatulence, gastritis, catarrhal stomach, wind in stomach, etc., Bisurated Magnesia has been prescribed and used with unvarying success, and because of this success the manufacturers now enclose their guarantee of satisfaction or money back in every packet.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Ad.)

"PAUL JONES."

A New Rag Measure for Dancing Parties at Home.

THE LURE OF THE BELL.

In these days of universal dancing there is, of course, a medley of good, bad and indifferent dances.

This is often the case when a dozen or so eager jazzers gather together in a suburban house.

The drawing-room is turned out, a gramophone and records are installed, and a jolly time is promised—but there is a difficulty.

Out of the dozen dancers perhaps two are expert and the rest of varied skill.

There is a remedy; it is known as "Paul Jones."

The Daily Mirror found "Paul Jones" delightfully simple. All that is needed is a handbell and the spirit of happiness in the dancers.

If anyone can be found who does not dance, or who can work the bell. If not, it is very easy for one of the dancers to jangle it as he or she dances.

The bell plays an important part in "Paul Jones." When it rings the dancers form a circular grand chain, and when it rings a second time they move round, the ladies in one direction and the gentlemen in another.

When it rings for the third time the gentlemen dance with the ladies opposite them, and so everyone dances with everyone else; above all, everyone gets a chance.

"MAN'S PROUD RACE."

Wealth of Feminine Beauty Today Proved by Our Contest.

*Imperial tresses man's proud race ensnare,
And beauty draws us by a single hair.*

So wrote an English poet 200 years ago. The words to-day are equally true. "Man's proud race" is still enfeebled by feminine beauty.

And that there is no lack of feminine beauty is amply proved by the success of *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for War Workers, which has attracted no fewer than 5,000 entrants.

By arrangement with *The Daily Mirror* the London Guards and Officers' Company, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, has kindly undertaken to give a free accident policy to each of the four leading prize winners, who, in addition to their cash prizes, will be entitled to a week's free holiday in France.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Dull Markets but Good Industrial Features.

FROM OUR CITY EDITOR.

THE CITY, Wednesday. Markets to-day were like the weather, dismal all round. Consols and the War Loans continued their downward trend, Louis agitated, Home Rail sagged throughout.

In Industrials Wray Sanderson 6s. Aerated Bread 5s. Nelson Brothers 1*1/2* bid, Van den Berghs 6s. 3d. (on bonus expectations), Spiers and Ponds 2*1/2*s., Magadi Soda 2*1/2*s., New Egyptians 2*1/2*s. 9d., and Davis Gas Stove £8 (a jump of 2*1/2*) were all good markets.

The dull spots in Industrials were Vickers 4*1/2*s., Seager Evans 6s. Pease and Partners 1*1/2*, Countuls 1*1/2*s., Lyons 5*1/2*s., British Oil Cakes 2*1/2*s., Danlops 5*1/2*s.

Mines were almost featureless, Falcons and Goldfield Devils continued dull in Rhodesians. Russians were again flat, Northern Explorations 2*1/2* further declined. Antargaz rose sharply in Tins to 3*1/2*d. Colombian Minings dull, 5*1/2*s. 9d.

Rubbers opened weak and, although improving at finish, showed losses on balance. Linggiss 2*1/2*s. 6d., Trust 3*1/2*s., Anglo-Dutch 3*1/2*s. 9d., Java 3*1/2*s. 6d., Siam 2*1/2*s. United Darlings good market, 1*1/2*s. 7*1/2*d. bid.

Oils closed midway between their extremes. Shells 7*1/2*-16, Eagles 5*1/2*-16, both harder; Egyptians 3*1/2*-16, Burmahs 8*1/2*, both dull.

NEWS ITEMS.

Thames has risen six inches.

Lady ones, Mayoress of Rochdale in 1906, has died at seventy-four.

The Red Cross Headquarters Central Workrooms in Piccadilly are now closed.

Heavy snow was reported yesterday in the Cleveland district and North Wales.

Warble Fly Pest.—The annual ravages to cattle, meat and hides of the warble fly is £300,000.

Christmas Trees Request.—Mr. Walter Thomas, Lye, straw-plait dyer, left £76,791, bequeathing £200 for annual Christmas trees in the schools at Leagrave and Limbury.

£200,000 FIRE.

The fire at Messrs. Hudson's, Victoria, yesterday, involved fifteen premises.

The packing-rooms of the S.P.C.K. were damaged, as were some of the offices of the South-Eastern Railway.

The loss is estimated at £200,000.

Great Rush to Lipton's QUALITY TELLS

Freshness! Flavour! Purity! and Firmness! find favour.

Our new customers may be counted in tens of thousands daily. Our Branches throughout Great Britain are experiencing

Record Sales in Lipton's BRITISH MADE MARGARINE

at 10*0*^{d.} per lb.

Lipton's
BRITISH MADE
Margarine
IN
FRESH ROLLS
at 11*0*^{d.}
per lb.
half-lb. 5*1/2*^{d.}

YOU! have ANY QUANTITY desired

LIPTON'S New Laid Eggs further reduced.

Head Office CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

LIPTON, LTD.



The GREAT VICTORY SMILE.

TOZANA HAS CONQUERED
where all others have failed.

TOZANA Hair Food fixes and controls the hair AND IMPROVES IT—there is no harshness, nor does Tozana pull the hair out. The fixative and tonic properties are in perfect harmony, so that a few drops of Tozana keep the hair in position all day and eradicate dandruff by feeding the roots.

LADIES' TOZANA is the Perfect Hair Tonic,
GENTLEMEN'S TOZANA is the same tonic
with fixative added.

Neither strength contains Oil or Grease.

Of all Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers;
or Post Free (Inland) direct from 1*1/2*, 2*1/2*, 3*1/2*, 5*1/2*.

TOZANA Perfumery Co., Ltd., 257, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1
Try also TOZANA Shampoo Powders and TOZANA Vanishing Cream.

INFLUENZA

Flame the great purifier

Sterilise the air of your
bed and living rooms by
the use of

INCANDESCENT GAS
BURNERS

ENTRANTS FOR "THE DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY CONTEST.



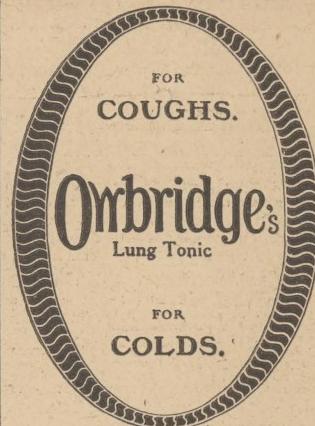
Three years' war work. Now ambulance driver at Southampton.



Women's Legion. Worked at Australian Auxiliary Hospital.



Working at the Admiralty in the Signal Division.



Picture - News from every quarter of the Globe, with the comments of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and Britain's leading publicists on current events in the

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Order your copy To-day



Will the above kindly communicate with Beauty Editor?



Did clerical work in a large motor works in the Midlands.



Now stationed at a military camp in Staffordshire.



At the Ministry of Munitions (in a special branch of war).

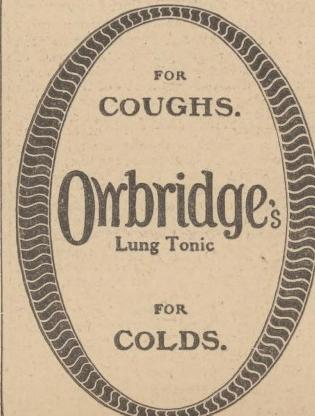


Women's Legion motor driver, attached to the R.A.S.C.



Let Cuticura Care for Baby's Skin

It's really wonderful how quickly a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment relieves skin irritations which keep babies wakeful and restless, perhaps for hours. And for many other skin troubles Cuticura is the best treatment. In most cases when it seems nothing would help, Soap to cleanse, Ointment to heal. F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, London. Sold everywhere.



MONDAY'S FATEFUL MEETING OF THE LEAGUE.

Will Chelsea Retain Their Place in the First Division?

WEST HAM'S APPLICATION.

What will happen at next Monday's meeting of the Football League? Will the League be extended? Will Chelsea retain their place in the First Division? Will the 'Spurs' also remain up, or will the Arsenal, Barnsley, or Nottingham Forest be elected instead?

These are but a few of the queries. One could go on with a few more like these. Will West Ham be elected to the League? Will the wages be adjusted, and will the transfer system be amended? It will be seen that next week's meeting is one of the most important ever held by the League.

There is a general consensus of opinion that Chelsea, who were the immediate victim of the notorious 'spurious' match, should not suffer for the evil-doing of the Manchester United and Liverpool players. They will probably retain their position in the First League, providing it is extended to twenty-two clubs. But who will accompany them in the Senior Division?

SPURS OR ARSENAL?

Will it be the 'Spurs,' who finished last on the list the last time there was a competition? Will it be the Arsenal, who had been at or near the top of the Second League for several seasons without actually getting into the two top places and thus earning promotion, or will any Second League club be eligible for promotion? Nottingham Forest and Barnsley are, we know, applying for election.

All窃窃私语 whispers to me that the League is sure to be extended, that Chelsea will remain in the First League, and that one of the two London clubs will be lucky enough to secure election to the other place. A northern official put it to me in this wise: "Our boys like a visit to London once or twice a year, and with Chelsea and the 'Spurs' or the Arsenal in the League they come up twice."

"They give a show at the theatres and see some of the great cities. The directors also enjoy a visit to the big smoke." In addition the visits of the London clubs at most of the big provincial cities are great attractions." So there you are.

But it has been said that the growing vote of London in League matters has been rather jealously viewed by certain of the Lancashire clubs. Lancashire has always had a large predominance in League matters, and London is gradually extending its numbers. When once the Arsenal were in membership, London was a negligible quantity. Now, with Chelsea, Fulham, Tottenham and Clapton Orient added they are becoming more powerful.

THE HAMMERS' POSITION.

And West Ham may be followed by Millwall, Millwall is a big club, the stronger, Brentford, until London has a big vote. So I am not so confident about West Ham's chance as I am of Chelsea's prospects of remaining in the First League.

But West Ham would hardly have cut the painter before they felt tolerably certain of election. We all can remember the penalty paid by Queen's Park Rangers when they applied unsuccessfully for election, and going on bended knees to the Southern League, and returned to that body, but compelled to play all their games in mid-week. In a boom year like we are expecting anything of that kind would be a catastrophe for West Ham.

And it must be borne in mind that West Ham has always been one of the best-managed clubs in England. They have done well in the Southern League, and their own war-time gates would have been easily taken by many First League clubs as a protest standard. Since the manager, who has had very small gates the last two exceeding £500. In fact, their last London Combination gate was £544, only £1 less than their record Southern League gate.

From this it will be seen that the League are not asked to elect a club of mushroom growth and no financial standing, but a well-organised, capably-managed concern, which will be a credit alike to the League and to London. I hope the decision will be reached quickly, and since the Southern League forfeited its independence by more or less becoming a vassal of the Football League it has lost prestige and clout.

That was why I was sorry the recently-proposed fusion was turned down by the League.

Of the other matters to be settled on Monday I have already expressed myself strongly on the question of players' wages and transfers. Let me add for the benefit of the public maximum if you like, but no maximum. And there should be equity in the transfers and contracts.

It is monstrous that a club should be allowed to debar a player from leaving them at the end of his contract, and at the same time the player have no corresponding right. I know that hardship seldom happens because directors are sportsmen. But at the same time the power is there, and there have been bad cases in the past.

P. J. MOSS.

YESTERDAY'S RUGBY MATCHES.

At Oxford yesterday the R.A.F. defeated the University by 20-10, scored by Wakefield, to gain the Air Force had a decided advantage behind the scrum, but for the most part the forwards had the game to themselves.

The match between Cross Keys and the Canadian Services XV., down to be played at Newport yesterday, was abandoned owing to the ground being



WITH THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION.—Guards officers, all old Etonians, playing in a match in Germany.—(Official photograph.)

ARMY CRICKET.

Encouragement for All Ranks—Command Leagues To Be Formed.

MATCH WITH NAVY.

The Army authorities are to encourage cricket among all ranks. It is a good sign that the first committee meeting has been held with such prominent cricketers as Brigadier General A. J. Turner, who played for Essex as far back as 1897. Major F. R. R. Brooke, who played splendidly for Lancashire, and Major B. C. Hartley, the secretary of the Army Sports Control Board, present.

Full details are not yet settled, but with an idea of discovering talent command leagues are to be formed.

Practically all through the war home garrisons had their football leagues, and very successful they were, too. Evidently cricket is to be on a more elaborate scale with command leagues.

Quite possibly the various commands will be divided into sections, the winners of each section playing for the championship at the end of the season.

Something of this kind would be necessary to avoid a great deal of travelling. It is certain that teams will enter from all parts of a command, for cricket has almost as big a hold in the Army as football.

A match with the Navy has been fixed to take place on July 24 and the two succeeding days, and it is certain that others of equal importance will be made.

If a side to represent the Army is to be selected from the various commands to take part in big matches one can imagine the greatest enthusiasm prevailing in the league games.

Then, again, it is quite on the cards that the champion of one command would遇上 each other. The whole situation is full of possibilities, and with such a representative committee the fullest encouragement will be given for these to materialise.

What better inducement to lovers of cricket than a match between the London and Eastern Commands at the Oval or Lord's?

J. W. H.

DAVIS CUP DRAW.

The draw for the Davis Lawn Tennis Cup is as follows:—Belgium v. Great Britain; France a bye. Australia are the present holders of the cup. The British Lawn Tennis Association has already sanctioned a new meeting, comprising the four covered courts tournaments at Queen's Club on April 7.

HURST PARK ACCEPTANCES.

Excellent acceptances have been received both for the first and second class of the Trial Doubles Handicap "Chase" at the Hurst Park meeting on Saturday next week. In the first class of the race to run on Thursday the only forfeit is Aben Ben Adhem and Pollen, Wavertree, Shaw Murphy oppose Ally Sloper, an interesting contest will result.

AMATEUR CHAMPION'S RETURN.

Many readers will recollect "Hutch" Boyce, who won the amateur middle-weight boxing championship of England in 1914. Brown joined up with the Royal Horse Guards very shortly after the war broke out, and soon became a corporal. After serving nearly three years he was demobilised, and now is a schoolteacher. His home is Hedgeon Farm, St. Albans, and he is proud of the fact that his mother owns a herd of British Friesian cattle reputed to be the best from the Hon. Aubrey Hastings' stable.

Escott thinks Poethlyn had Bed Water beaten when the latter fell at Gatwick. In any event I would not counsel support of the latter just yet, for it is likely the boxer is aiming at that now obtainable, will be forthcoming for some time yet. Nor am I quite enthusiastic about Poethlyn. Still, with Pollen in the stable, Escott is in a splendid position to form a reliable opinion.

There is a growing disposition to back Ballyboggan, which, in the last seven attempts, has won twice and been placed twice. I have reason to believe that he stays well.

Recruit for Palace Team.—The old Crystal Palace left-winger, Whitley, has been demobilised from the Army and has taken up residence in London.

Ex-Fast-eight Champion—Kid Lewis, the ex-heavy-weight champion of Great Britain, is stated to be coming to London in six weeks' time.

A Marathon Race.—The amateur Marathon race from Wimborne to London on June 13, it is believed that A. Dibella, the holder, will compete.

Scottish Athletics.—The Scottish Amateur Athletic Association has lost little time in completing arrangements for the forthcoming championships. A list of championship miles at Glasgow on April 5.

COL. RUTHERFORD TO GO FOR TRIAL.

Court Drama That Took Only Five Seconds.

ECHO OF DE VEULLE CASE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford, D.S.O., of Carshalton Place, Surrey, was yesterday committed for trial at the Old Bailey, charged with the murder of Major Miles Seton.

It was Colonel Rutherford's eighth appearance at West London Police Court, and the proceedings lasted exactly five seconds.

Colonel Rutherford stood up while the magistrate, addressing him, said: "I now formally commit you for trial."

Accused then bowed and stepped quickly from the dock.

Major Miles Seton, it will be recalled, was shot on January 29, at 13, Clarendon-park, Holland Park-road, the residence of Sir Malcolm Seton.

A JUDGE'S PROTEST.

Mr. Justice Darling Complains of Delay in Committing for Trial.

Mr. Justice Darling made some comments yesterday at the Old Bailey on an application that the case of Colonel Rutherford (who he did not then know had been committed for trial) should be adjourned to the sessions.

"I see that the case was committed by the coroner as long ago as January 29," said the Judge. "Has not the magistrate been able yet to complete his investigation? What surprises me is that it has not been completed long ago."

"I have had an intimation about this case, and I see when it came on last, a week ago, all the evidence had been given, and the magistrate set aside the indictment for trial."

"The there was a consultation between counsel, and Sir Archibald Bodkin applied to the magistrate to postpone the commitment for a week in order that the case should not come up at the present sessions."

Sir Archibald Bodkin (prosecuting): Yes; that was after I had spoken to defending counsel, who said it would be impossible between that and the present sessions to prepare the defence.

The Judge: I don't admire the process. But, as the defence can't be ready, I shall grant the application. I hope people will remember what I have said, and that it is no good asking magistrates not to commit when they are prepared to do so for the purpose of throwing the case over.

DE VEULLE TRIAL PUT BACK.

Judge and Length of Time Accused Persons Are in Gaol.

Mr. Eustace Fulton, at the Old Bailey yesterday, asked that the case of Raoul Reginald de Veulle, charged on the coroner's warrant with the manslaughter of "Billie Carleton," might be postponed to the sessions.

Mr. Justice Darling: The coroner committed this man on January 23, and he has been in gaol ever since. I understand.

Mr. Bridgeman (defending): It is not for want of application on my part that he is in custody.

Mr. Justice Darling: When I am asked to put off a case I always look to see how long a person has been in custody. If these applications are very prolonged a man may serve the whole of his sentence before he is committed for trial. (Laughter.)

The case was adjourned until next sessions.

RING OF COTTAGES.

50,000 Model Houses Suggested for London's Outer Belt.

The conference of local authorities held in London has suggested the erection of 50,000 cottages throughout the outer belt of Greater London. Councillor Brooker has informed the Westway Council.

London itself is already congested, and consequently the outer belt should find accommodation in model cottages for London workers.

DEAN INGE'S LAMENTATIONS.

Dean Inge, in a Lenten sermon yesterday:—"In spite of the infinite labour and ingenuity that we had spent upon our industrial system, no one was contented."

"The Church might do a lot of mischief by rushing in among employers and employed."

"I doubt whether this country will ever be as rich and prosperous as she was ten years ago."

"The real genius of the English people was not for making money, but for higher things."

CAPTURED GUN GOES OFF.

While German guns were being unloaded at Croydon yesterday, a machine-gun went off.

The bullet passed through the head of a man named William Jones, who died instantly. Jones was discharged from the Navy a month ago.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, March 6, 1919.

WOMEN L.C.C. CANDIDATES.



Mrs. P. 20461
Gardner (M.R.),
Camberwell.



Mrs. P. 1425
Montefiore (L.),
Hammersmith.



Mrs. Hudson Lyall
(P.), Camberwell.



Duchess of Marlborough, Progressive, for Southwark.



Mrs. P. 93913
L. Maffei (I.),
Lambeth.



Miss P. 1213
Adler (P.),
Hackney.



Mrs. P. 0483 A
C. S. Granley
(L.), Battersea.

A number of women are standing for the London County Council to-day, either as Progressives (P.), Municipal Reformers (M.R.), Labour (L.), or Independent (I.).

OCTOGENARIAN ACTRESSES AT IRISH CONVENT.



These aged ladies, who have lived in the convent at Merrun, Co. Dublin, since girlhood, hold a dramatic class and recently produced "Little Lord Fauntleroy." All are more than eighty.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)



AQUAPLANING.—An exhilarating form of locomotion at Palboa, California.
A motor-boat tows them.



THE BUTTERFLY FOLLIES.—The 19th Divisional Concert Party has entertained 1,500,000 men in the forward areas since 1915, and has given 2,000 performances. They have appeared under shell-fire.



FUNERAL OF AN HEROIC FIREMAN.—Four members of the Birmingham brigade lost their lives at a fire which broke out at the gasworks. The photograph shows an engine bearing the coffin of Fireman H. Dyche, who endeavoured to rescue a workman who was gassed.



IN AN AIRSHIP FACTORY.—Girl riveters putting together the framework of R. 33, the new British super-Zeppelin. We have outpaced the Germans in the matter of these vessels.